



# VAMPIRELLA

No. 1

30p

A MAGAZINE  
TO HAUNT  
YOU!!!

1st  
HORRIFYING  
ISSUE!!!

GET CARRIED  
AWAY INSIDE  
WITH 48 FULL  
COLOUR PAGES  
OF TERROR!!!





for Jovial



# VAMPIRELLA



## THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA

4

What has made Vampirella wish to flee from her homeland? Could it be the hatred that inhabits the country, the terror that has turned her friend, Tristan, into a quivering wreck? With enemies all around her, must she resort to the wiles of a Vampire...



## WOLF HUNT

19

A beautiful, sensuous young woman likes to run through the forest naked. Then she turns herself into the guise of a wolf. In this new form she is ready to face anybody, except the evil Lupagar...



## THE CALL OF THE DEAD

26

Darkness enshrouds the earth. A numb body grows more scared with every passing minute. What is this awful crackling noise to be heard all around? Will it ever stop and how can this lonely soul prevent these horrible sights that are looming into his subconscious...?



## THE CRY OF THE DHAMPIR

28

Two priests from the village of Alba Lulia in Transylvania close in upon one of the undead, a terrible monster. Trapped within the ruins of an ancient building is this to be the monster's end...?



## AS THOUGH THEY WERE LIVING

40

In the eighteenth century a dance is in full swing in the village square. At the dance, though, Holland Wingate makes the mistake of rebuking Karyn Haining. A tale unfolds of dreadful retribution...



NIGHT...AND TREE LIMBS GNARLED WITH AGE, HANG SILENTLY...SMALLER BRANCHES MOVE IN THE SLIGHT WIND, WEIGHTED DOWN BY THE FOREIGN PRESENCE OF A SLEEPING BAT, ITS HIND FEET ALMOST ROOTED TO THE BRANCH...

THE SKY IS STILL...A PAIR OF MOONS OBSCURED BY PASSING SHREDS OF CLOUD STAND AS IF IN WAIT, THE CREATURE STIRS ALMOST MOTIONLESSLY...AN EYE OPENS.

ITS WINGS FOLDED TIGHTLY AGAINST EACH OTHER FROM THE DAMP AND THE COLD THE BAT STARES INTO THE DARK...AND A MUTED PULSE QUICKENS. A RUSTLE AND THE BAT'S FINGERS BEGIN UNFOLDING THE CAPE OF SKIN...



...IN PREPARATION FOR FLIGHT...FOR PREY IS NEAR, UNSUSPECTING PREY.

...A FORGOTTEN MAMMAL, CONSIDERED NEAR THE TOP OF THE VERY SCHEME OF LIFE ITSELF, THE BAT CLAWS AWAY AT THE AIR, NAVIGATING ITS WAY FORWARD...AWARE OF BRANCHES THREATENING ITS SOFT WINGS.

THE SPECTRE OF TWIN SUNS ABOVE A FUTURISTIC CITY, SYMBOLIZING THE DUAL NATURES OF THAT CITY'S INHABITANTS...FOR THIS IS A TORTURED WORLD FACED WITH IMMINENT DESTRUCTION.





THE DESCENT, THE SLOW, HALTING GLIDE, CLAWING AT THE AIR... IN SEARCH OF THAT FEARFUL PULSE BEATING IN THE NIGHT... HIDDEN SOMEWHERE...



AND THE ATTACK, SWIFT AND SUDDEN, A SMALL DARK BIRD LOST AMID THE WINGS OF THE BAT, CAUGHT THERE AS IF IN A WEB, THIN CONTRACTED CLAWS DIGGING INWARDS... AND THE BAT ALMOST FLOATING NOW.



...THE SHADOW OF NIGHT LIKE A WRAITH, THE BAT BEGINS A METAMORPHOSIS... ONCE MORE ITS WINGS SPREAD WIDE AND THE BONES OF BIRDS TUMBLE FORTH...

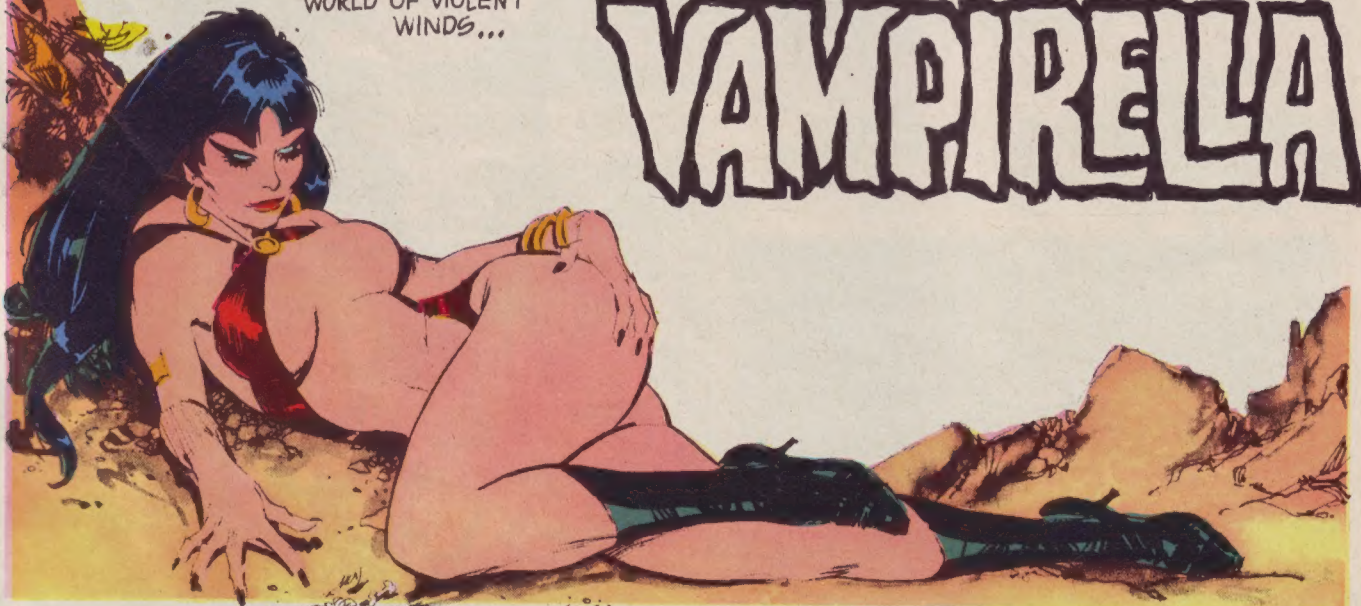


THE CREATURE SPILLS FORTH A COCOON... LONG, SLEEK FINGERS TUMBLE FORWARD WITH A LIFE OF THEIR OWN... THE CLOAK OF WINGS BECOME A SILKEN VEST...



...AND WHO IS THIS SHADOWY FIGURE?... THIS GIRL OF UNEARTHLY BEAUTY WHOSE NAME IS VAMPIRELLA... COME FORTH FROM A SMALL, LOPING BAT... DREAM UPON HER... FOR SHE HAS NO DREAMS, HER ONLY WISH IS TO KEEP THAT SMALL AND EVER FLICKERING CANDLE OF LIFE BURNING IN A WORLD OF VIOLENT WINDS...

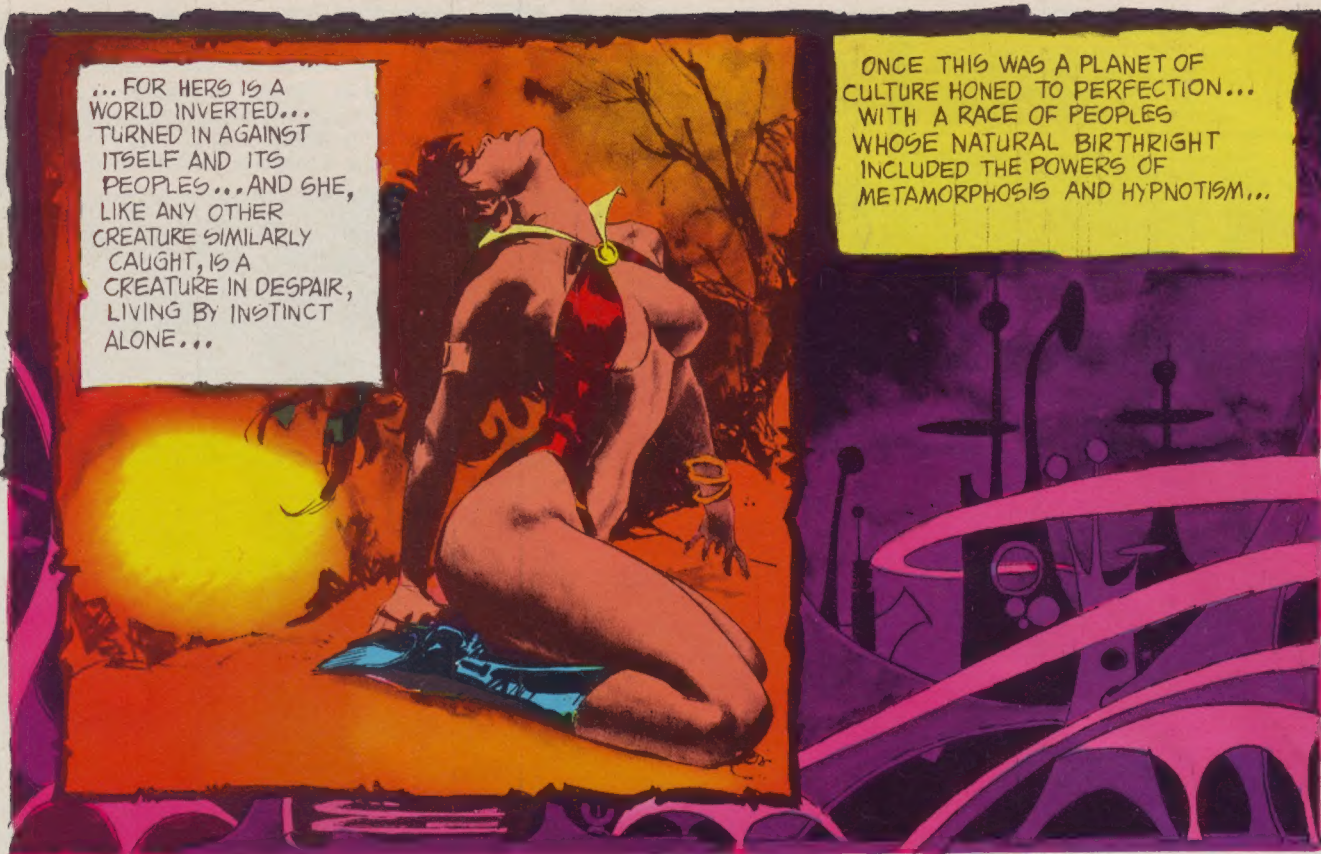
# THE ORIGIN OF VAMPIRELLA





...FOR HER IS A  
WORLD INVERTED...  
TURNED IN AGAINST  
ITSELF AND ITS  
PEOPLES...AND SHE,  
LIKE ANY OTHER  
CREATURE SIMILARLY  
CAUGHT, IS A  
CREATURE IN DESPAIR,  
LIVING BY INSTINCT  
ALONE...

ONCE THIS WAS A PLANET OF  
CULTURE HONED TO PERFECTION...  
WITH A RACE OF PEOPLES  
WHOSE NATURAL BIRTHRIGHT  
INCLUDED THE POWERS OF  
METAMORPHOSIS AND HYPNOTISM...



BACK...BACK IN TIME TO TRISTAN AND A WORLD LONG PAST... A  
WORLD WHERE RIVERS OF BLOOD LIKE WATER COURSED, LIFE  
SUSTAINING BLOOD.



DRAKULON, ONCE A LUSH, MANY-PEOPLED WORLD,  
NOW NO MORE THAN A SKELETON OF ITS FORMER  
SELF...STRUGGLING TO KEEP ALIVE...AT NIGHT...  
IN THE COOLING DARKNESS.

FOR EVERY COMING OF DAY HERALDS THE INESCAPABLE  
PRESENCE OF DEATH DRAKULON'S TWIN SUNS...NOT  
UNLIKE THE FURIES...CASTING THEIR VENGEANCE ON ITS  
RIVERS BURNING AWAY THE ONCE AND MIGHTY FLOWING  
ARTERIES UNTIL NO MORE THAN GREYING PEBBLES AND  
ENDLESS PATCHES OF CRACKING EARTH REMAINED.





VAMPIRELLA SHIELDS HER EYES FROM THE COMING OF DAY...THE GRIM LIGHT RETURNS HER TO THE PAST...TO THE BEGINNING...WHEN HER WORLD BEGAN ITS COLLISION COURSE WITH THE TWIN SUNS...WHEN EVERYTHING AROUND HER, LIKE THE COMING OF THE APOCALYPSE, WENT OUT OF CONTROL, AND THE SEASONS CHANGED WITHOUT APPARENT CAUSE...



ALTHOUGH HE WAS NEAR DEATH, SHE DID NOT KNOW IT THEN...HE HID HIS FEARS FROM HER LIKE A CHILD HOARDING TREASURE.



LOOK, TRISTAN!  
**A FATTED GRONOS!...**  
FAT FROM FEEDING ON OUR DEAD,  
WE MUST CATCH IT! HELP  
ME, TRISTAN!

I CAN'T  
MY DARLING,  
I'M SORRY BUT  
I CAN'T.

LOVE WITHOUT  
HONOUR IS EMPTY...KILLING  
THE GRONOS WOULD BE  
LIKE KILLING SOMETHING  
IN MYSELF, SURVIVE IF YOU  
CAN VAMPIRELLA...ANY  
WAY YOU CAN. I WILL NOT  
HATE YOU FOR IT, BUT I  
CANNOT!

THE GRONOS!  
HE SEES US, HIS  
GLUTTONY KNOWS  
NO BOUNDS.



...BACK TO THAT ENCHANTED DAY BY THE RIVER...BACK TO TRISTAN, HER LOVER, FAIR TRISTAN, UNABLE TO CHANGE WITH THE CHANGE ALL AROUND HIM...A CHILD WHO REFUSED TO GROW OLD...DOOMED FOR EVER TO REMAIN STUNTED RATHER THAN ASSUME AGE.



PLEASE, TRISTAN, YOU MUST. WE  
HAVE TO LIVE, PLEASE HELP ME.  
TOGETHER, WE COULD KILL IT  
EASILY. LOOK AT HIM, TRISTAN,  
HE LUMBERS LIKE A SNAIL.  
HURRY...SO THAT WE  
MAY LIVE.



I'M SORRY,  
MY DARLING, BUT  
I WILL NOT HELP YOU  
KILL THE GRONOS,  
HOWEVER WEIGHTED  
DOWN HE IS.

LIKE WIND HELD BACK ONLY TO RUSH FORTH MORE  
VIOLENTLY, THE GIRL SPRINGS AT THE GRONOS,  
DEATHLY AWARE OF ITS  
LEGENDARY  
PROWESS.





HER ARMS IN A STRANGE HOLD AROUND THE STRUGGLING GRONOS, VAMPIRELLA CONQUERS!

YOU WILL NOT MAKE ME YOUR VICTIM, GRONOS, AS YOU HAVE SO MANY OTHERS!



SHE LIFTS THE GRONOS FOR TRISTAN TO SEE...

ONLY THE MOST FIT CAN SURVIVE. YOU MUST LEARN THAT IF YOU ARE TO LIVE...

BEHIND YOU... ORBITING THERE IN THE SKY... MORE PLUNDERERS, COME TO SCAVENGE FROM OUR DYING PLANET!

NO! NOT OTHERS!

YES, FOR OUR HOME HAS BECOME A JUNGLE WHERE ONLY THE MOST FIT CAN SURVIVE, YOU ARE RIGHT, VAMPIRELLA. AND PERHAPS, MY DEAREST, THESE NEW ARRIVALS ARE EVEN MORE ADEPT AT DEALING WITH DEATH, PERHAPS THEY ARE EVEN MORE FIT THAN YOU, THE CYCLE NEVER ENDS... BEWARE, MY DARLING!

THEY SEE US! THE SHIP IS CIRCLING!

WILL THERE BE NO END TO ALL OF THIS?

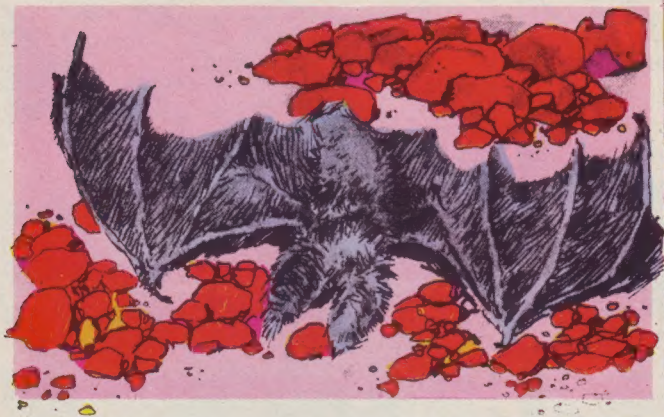
EAT OF THE GRONOS SO THAT YOU MAY GAIN STRENGTH!







WOUNDED, THE BAT LIES MOTIONLESS.



SHE'S HURT...  
I MUST GO TO HER  
...HELP HER...



BEFORE HER EYES, THE EARTH MEN'S DEADLY  
LASER BEAMS REDUCE TRISTAN TO NO MORE  
THAN A MEMORY.





GRAB HER!  
PIN HER ARMS  
BEHIND HER!

SHE'S MORE  
BEAUTIFUL THAN  
ANY WOMAN I'VE  
EVER SEEN! HOLD  
HER! SHE'S A  
PRIZE!



YOU'RE NO  
MATCH FOR US!  
STOP WASTING  
YOURSELF! GIVE  
IN!



LUNGING FORWARD, VAMPIRELLA  
GOUGES THE NECK OF HER  
ASSAILANT. LIKE AN ANIMAL  
TOO FREE TO KNOW ENSLAVE-  
MENT SHE FIGHTS FREE WITH  
ALL HER WILL, THE MEMORY  
OF TRISTAN'S LAST MOMENTS  
BURNED INTO HER AS SURELY  
AS WITH LASERS.



STAY BACK!  
I HAVE NO WISH TO  
HARM YOU FURTHER,  
DO NOT FORCE ME  
TO FEED UPON  
YOU!



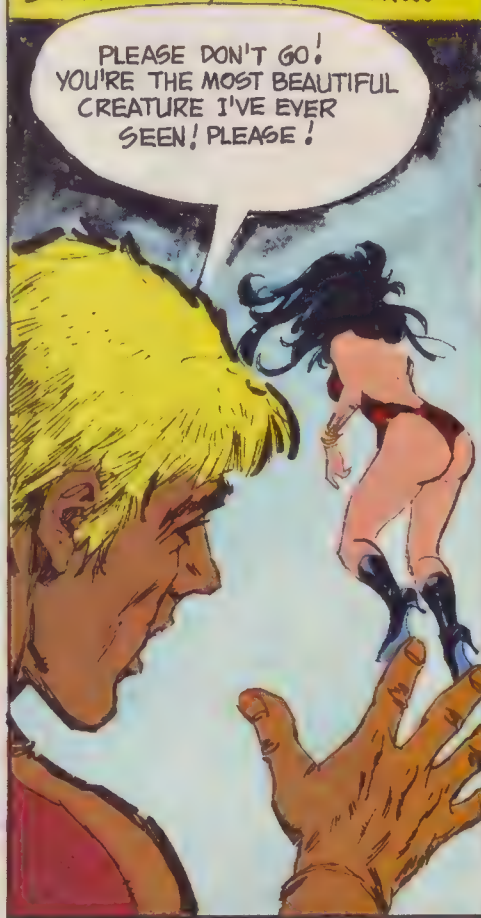
WHATEVER KIND OF  
BEING ARE YOU? YOU  
MUST NOT LEAVE ME  
HERE! I'M ALONE...  
WHAT IF...?



WHAT DID  
YOU CARE  
WHEN HE AND  
I WERE  
ALONE?

...HIS VOICE ALMOST THAT OF A  
SMALL ANIMAL, CRYING IN PAIN...

PLEASE DON'T GO!  
YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL  
CREATURE I'VE EVER  
SEEN! PLEASE!





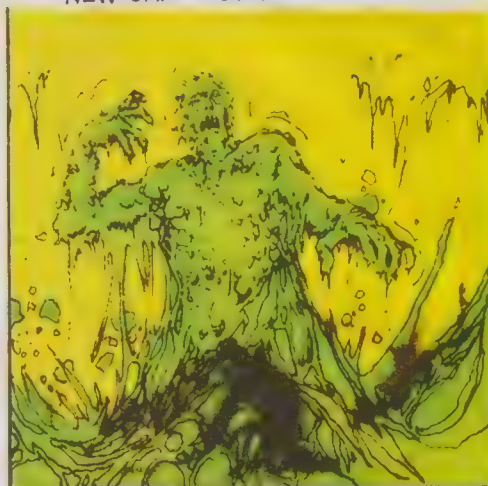
DISTURBING MEMORIES HURL VAMPIRELLA BACK TO THE PRESENT WHERE SHE MUST DEAL WITH THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY AND NOT THE MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY,



SUDDENLY A MUDDIED  
HAND ERUPTS FROM THE  
EARTH!



THE DARK SPECTRE OF A BODY  
FRANTICALLY SHOVING ITS WAY  
FORWARD AS IF DRAWN BY THE  
NEW DAY'S SUN...



ALMOST  
DAYLIGHT. NIGHT  
BREEDS TOO  
MANY MEMORIES.  
I MUST LEAVE  
HERE NOW.



HOW LITTLE TIME THERE IS GIRL OF DRAKULON... YOU WHO  
DREAM OF THE PAST LONG GONE... UNAWARE OF THE DANGER  
ALMOST UPON YOU... A DANGER COME  
FROM INSIDE THE  
EARTH!







STAY, VAMPIRELLA!  
REMAIN CROUCHED...  
FOR YOU ARE MOST  
DEFENCELESS THAT  
WAY...AND ALL THE  
MORE BEAUTIFUL!



COME,  
VAMPIRELLA!  
YOUR HANDS BEHIND  
YOUR BACK AS IF THEY  
ARE FETTERED...AS IF  
SOMEONE HAD ACTUALLY  
BESTED HER WHOM  
THEY CALL!  
VAMPIRELLA!



PUT YOUR  
HANDS BEHIND  
YOU MY SWEET,  
SO MY EYES  
MAY FEAST ON  
ALL OF YOU!



MY  
BEAUTIFUL  
VAMPIRELLA...  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
WHEN SHE  
IS MOST  
HELPLESS!

YOU KNOW ME, SWEET!  
YOU KNOW ME WELL, DON'T YOU,  
MY SWEET? FROM ANOTHER TIME...  
ANOTHER PLACE. YOU THOUGHT ME  
DEAD, DIDN'T YOU MY RAVEN-  
TRESSED BEAUTY?







YOU WERE MY FAIR...MY ONLY...BUT,  
FORGIVE ME, I AM NOT DRESSED  
FOR THE OCCASION.  
ALLOW ME TO  
WIPE MY FACE  
CLEAN.



YOU ARE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL THAT WAY..  
AS I HAVE ALWAYS  
WANTED YOU...AT  
YOUR WEAKEST...  
YOU WERE  
ALWAYS SO  
STRONG AND I...  
I ALWAYS SO  
WEAK. NOW, MY  
SWEET, THE  
TABLES ARE  
TURNED!



YOU KNEW,  
DIDN'T YOU?...THAT  
IT WAS TRISTAN WHO  
STOOD BEFORE  
YOU!

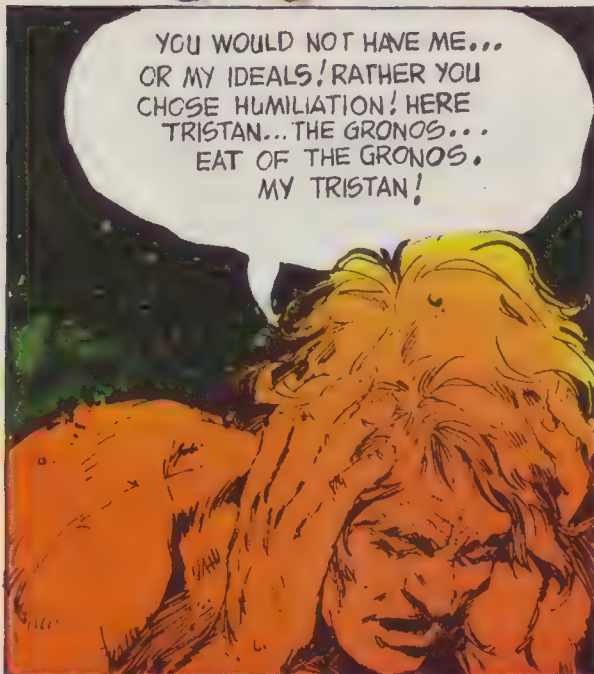
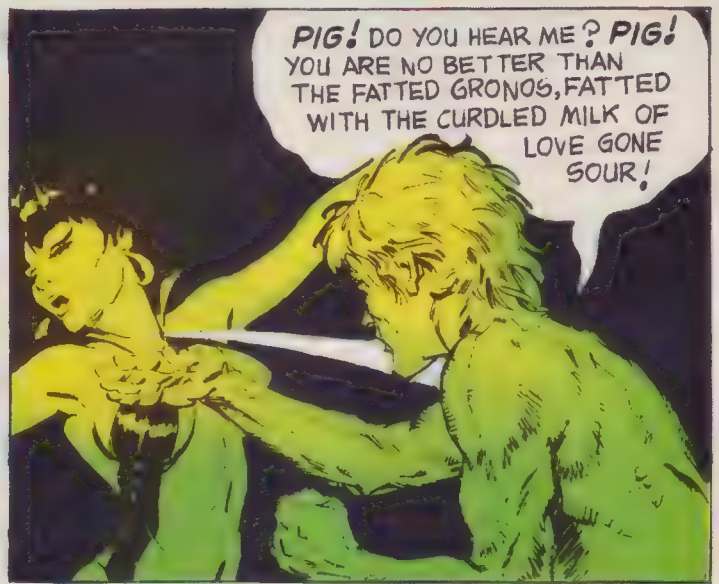


CRY NO TEARS FOR HIM ONCE  
**CALLED TRISTAN!** FOR NO  
LONGER WILL I BE KNOWN  
AS IDYLIC TRISTAN!




NO LONGER DO  
YOU UNDERSTAND?  
THIS IS NOT WEAK  
TRISTAN BEFORE  
YOU! **NO!**











ALWAYS SO  
WEAK... WHY  
AM I WEAK  
NOW?...



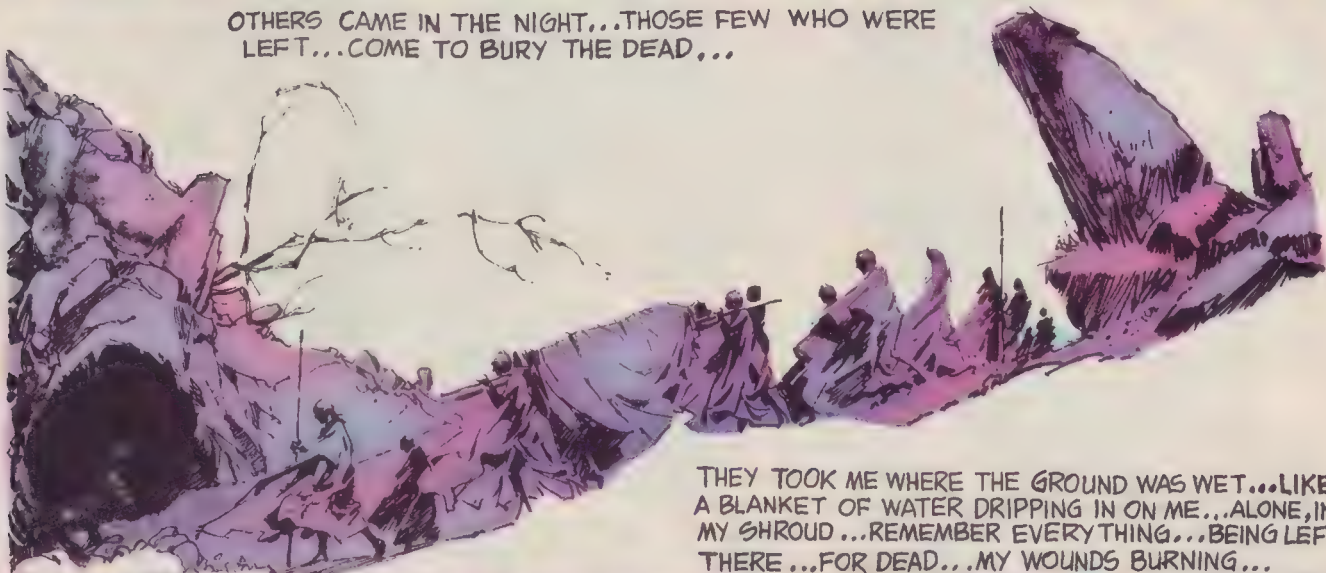
VAMPIRELLA WAITS IN  
SILENCE, LISTENING TO THE  
SMALL AND FRIGHTENED  
SOBS COMING FROM  
TRISTAN.

WHERE  
DID YOU  
COME  
FROM  
TRISTAN?




LASER BEAMS...  
BURNING AWAY  
FALLING...

OTHERS CAME IN THE NIGHT... THOSE FEW WHO WERE  
LEFT... COME TO BURY THE DEAD...

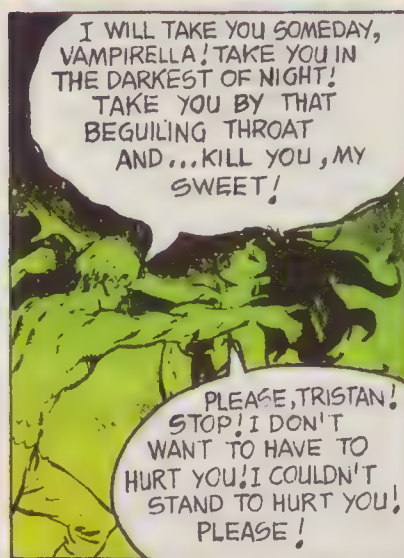


THEY TOOK ME WHERE THE GROUND WAS WET... LIKE  
A BLANKET OF WATER DRIPPING IN ON ME... ALONE, IN  
MY SHROUD... REMEMBER EVERYTHING... BEING LEFT  
THERE... FOR DEAD... MY WOUNDS BURNING...



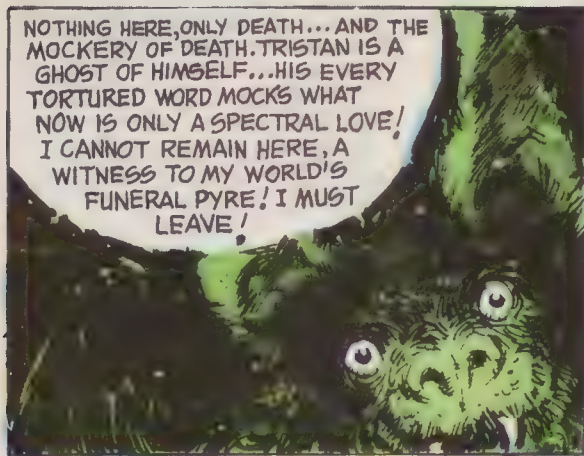
IT WAS BLOOD. THEY  
BURIED ME WHERE A RIVER  
HAD FLOWED BEFORE THE  
DROUGHT... BLOOD SINKING  
DOWN INTO THE EARTH, DEEPER,  
FLOWING INTO ME... RESTORING  
ME... FADING FROM ABOVE...  
SINKING INTO THE EARTH, INTO  
ME... I WAS THE EARTH AND  
THE EARTH WAS FEEDING ME...







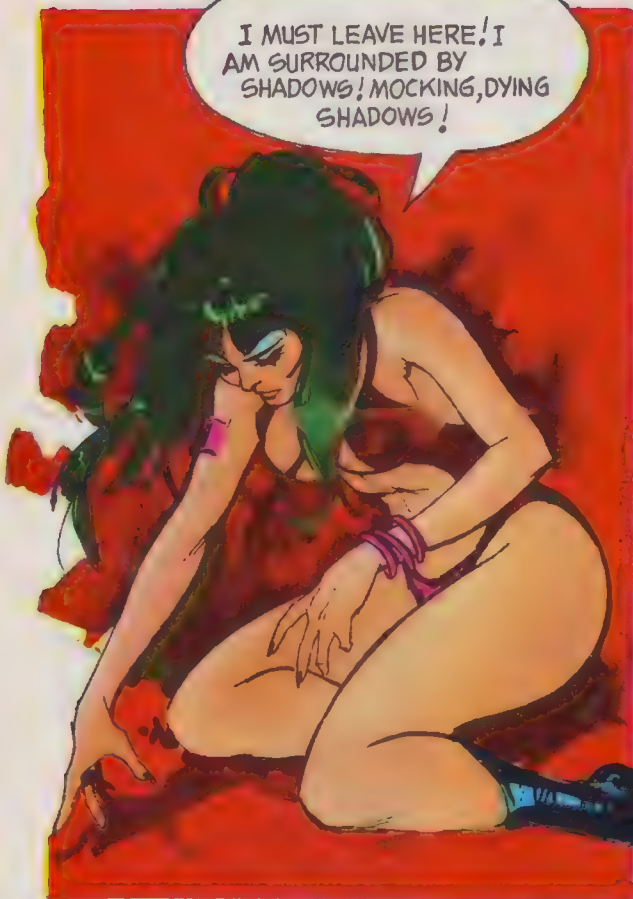
NOTHING HERE, ONLY DEATH... AND THE  
MOCKERY OF DEATH. TRISTAN IS A  
GHOST OF HIMSELF... HIS EVERY  
TORTURED WORD MOCKS WHAT  
NOW IS ONLY A SPECTRAL LOVE!  
I CANNOT REMAIN HERE, A  
WITNESS TO MY WORLD'S  
FUNERAL PYRE! I MUST  
LEAVE!



EVEN NOW... AS I  
WATCH MY DEAR TRISTAN...  
SOMETHING IN HIM IS  
KILLING ME. OUR LOVE,  
SOURD TO HATE, WILL  
BE MY DEATH!



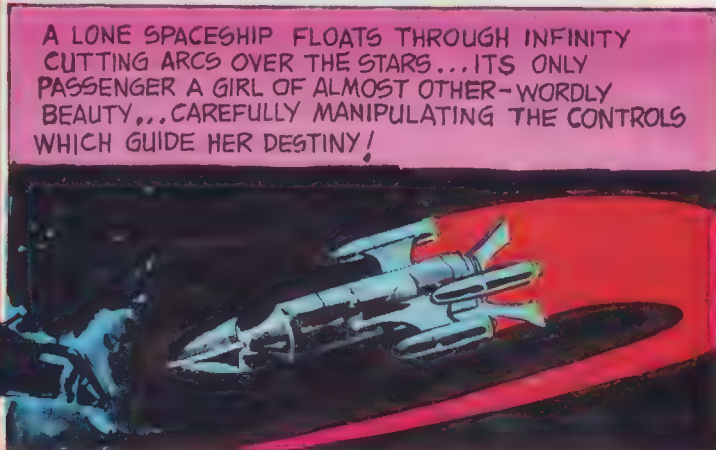
I MUST LEAVE HERE! I  
AM SURROUNDED BY  
SHADOWS! MOCKING, DYING  
SHADOWS!



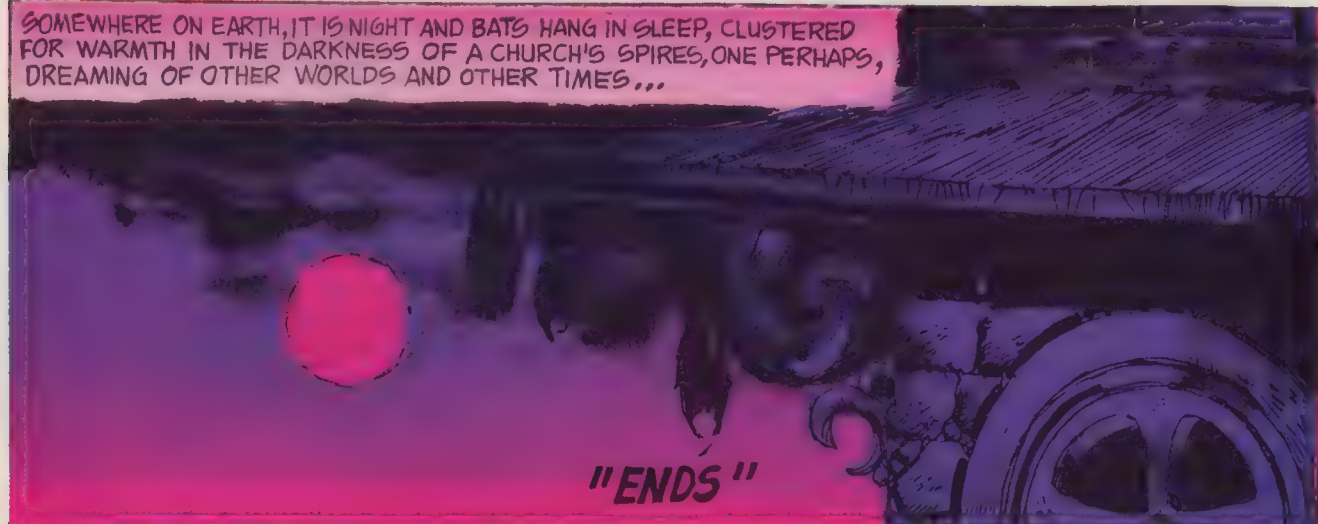
...I AM RESPONSIBLE TO  
NO ONE... THOSE EARTH MEN...  
THEY LEFT THEIR  
SPACESHIP. I CAN USE THAT  
TO GO ELSE-WHERE...  
LEAVE THIS WORLD  
GONE MAD... I WILL SEEK  
RELEASE IN ANOTHER  
WORLD!



A LONE SPACESHIP FLOATS THROUGH INFINITY  
CUTTING ARCS OVER THE STARS... ITS ONLY  
PASSENGER A GIRL OF ALMOST OTHER-WORDLY  
BEAUTY... CAREFULLY MANIPULATING THE CONTROLS  
WHICH GUIDE HER DESTINY!



SOMEWHERE ON EARTH, IT IS NIGHT AND BATS HANG IN SLEEP, CLUSTERED  
FOR WARMTH IN THE DARKNESS OF A CHURCH'S SPIRES, ONE PERHAPS,  
DREAMING OF OTHER WORLDS AND OTHER TIMES...



"ENDS"

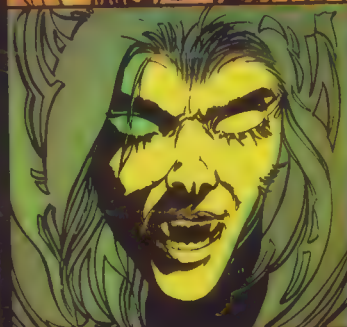


ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL WHO LIKED TO RUN THROUGH THE FOREST IN HER BIRTHDAY SUIT...!

# WOLF HUNT

LET THE CHANGE  
COME! LET ME RUN  
WITH THE WINDS  
ONCE MORE!

DRENCHED IN FULL MOONLIGHT, THE  
SENSUOUS FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL  
BEGINS ITS STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS  
FROM HUMAN INTO BESTIAL FORM!



NOW! THE  
HUNT!

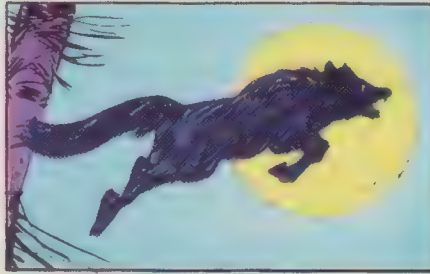


TO THE WOLF-GIRL LUPAGAR'S CHANGED NOSTRILS  
COME KEEN TRACES OF ANIMAL LIFE NEARBY---  
FLESH AND BLOOD!



DRUNK WITH THE EXCITEMENT  
OF HER BLOODLUST, LUPAGAR  
REVELS IN THE SENSATIONS  
OF THE NIGHT.

FREEDOM AGAIN!  
WITH THE WIND  
RUFFLING MY FUR!  
I COULD EVER  
REMAIN THUS!



IN HER EXCITEMENT, LUPAGAR  
DOES NOT DETECT A HIDDEN  
PRESENCE WATCHING HER.

SOON, NOW...



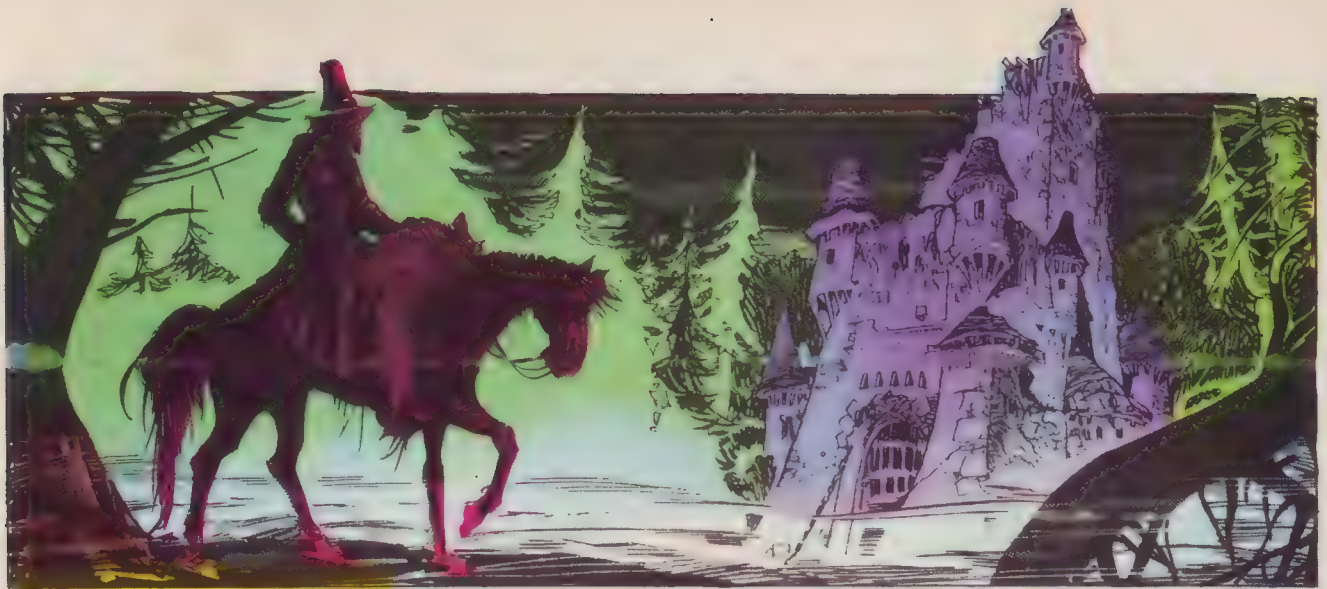
NOW!

THE WOLF-GIRL  
STAGGERS UNDER THE  
BLOW OF THE ACCURATELY  
AIMED STONE.

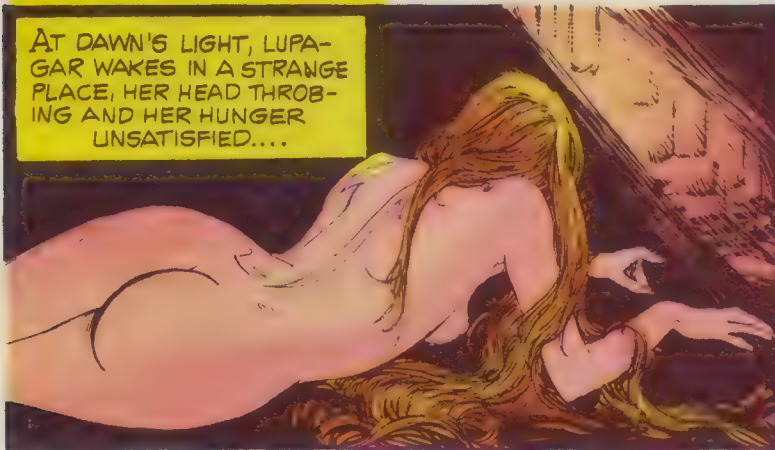
NOW MY BEAUTY!  
YOU ARE TORVATH'S!







AT DAWN'S LIGHT, LUPA-GAR WAKES IN A STRANGE PLACE, HER HEAD THROBBING AND HER HUNGER UNSATISFIED....



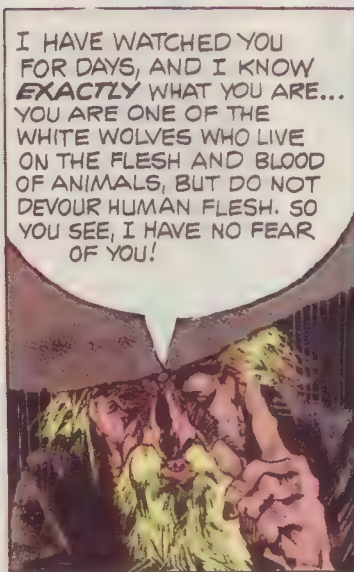
RELAX, MY BEAUTY! TORVATH WILL NOT HARM YOU!



I AM NOT OF YOUR KIND! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO HOLD ME HERE!



I HAVE WATCHED YOU FOR DAYS, AND I KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT YOU ARE... YOU ARE ONE OF THE WHITE WOLVES WHO LIVE ON THE FLESH AND BLOOD OF ANIMALS, BUT DO NOT DEVOUR HUMAN FLESH. SO YOU SEE, I HAVE NO FEAR OF YOU!



YOU WILL REGRET THIS ACT! WHEN I AM AGAIN A WOLF....

YOU WILL BE LOCKED IN YOUR CELL WHEN YOU ARE A WOLF. BUT WHEN YOU ARE NO MORE THAN A WEAK GIRL.... YOU WILL BE MINE! RESIGN YOURSELF!





LUPAGAR IS REPELLED  
BY TORVATH'S  
CLAMMY TOUCH....



JUST REMEMBER AND  
HEED MY WORDS.



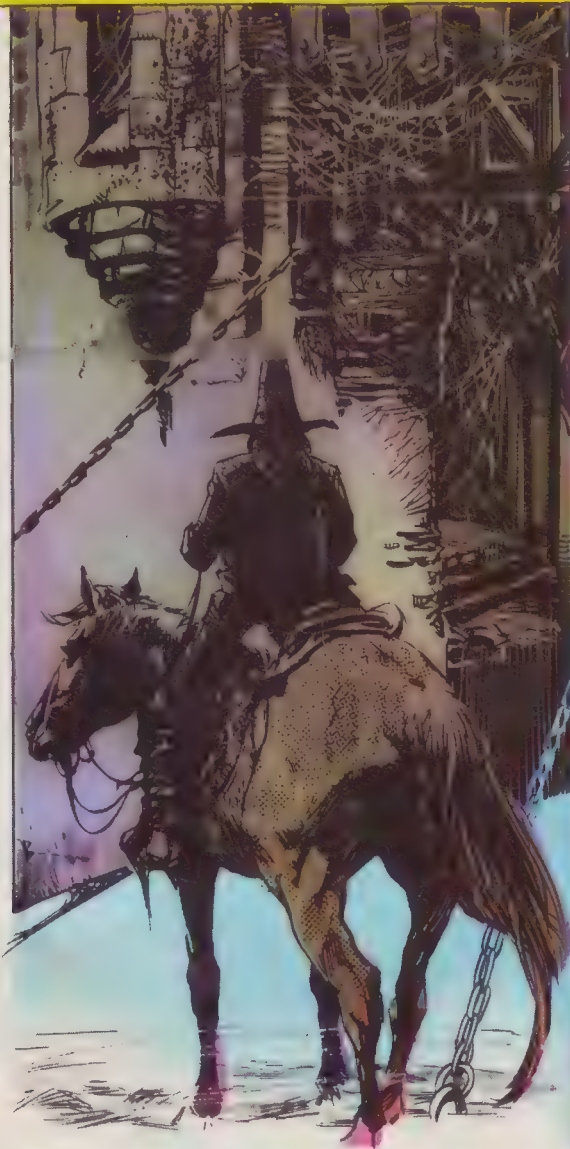
THROUGH THE LONG DAY, LUPAGAR CALMLY  
EXPLORES THE DAMP MUSTY CELL, SEARCH-  
ING FOR SOME TINY IMPERFECTION IN ITS  
DEFENCES.



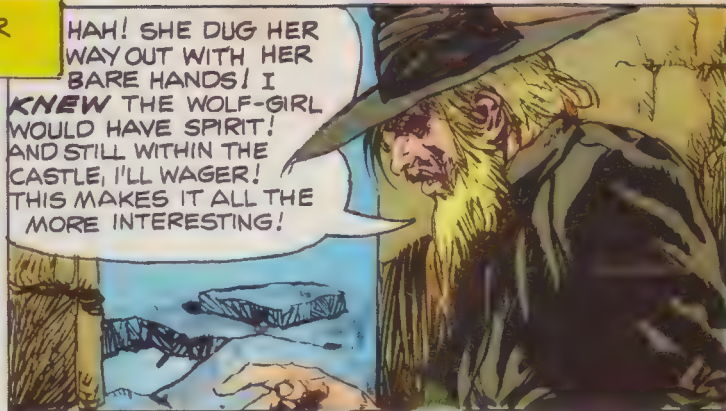
AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS BEGIN TO  
LENGTHEN, THE WOLF GIRL FINDS....



LATE IN THE DAY, TORVATH RETURNS---EAGER  
TO LOOK IN ON HIS PRISONER!



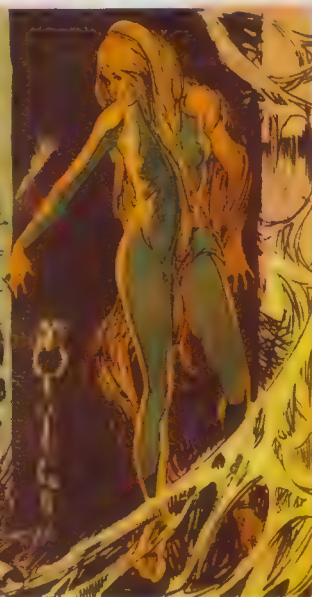
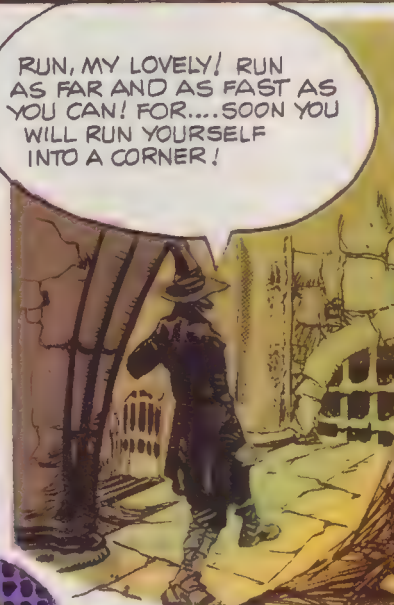
HAH! SHE DUG HER  
WAY OUT WITH HER  
BARE HANDS! I  
KNEW THE WOLF-GIRL  
WOULD HAVE SPIRIT!  
AND STILL WITHIN THE  
CASTLE, I'LL WAGER!  
THIS MAKES IT ALL THE  
MORE INTERESTING!



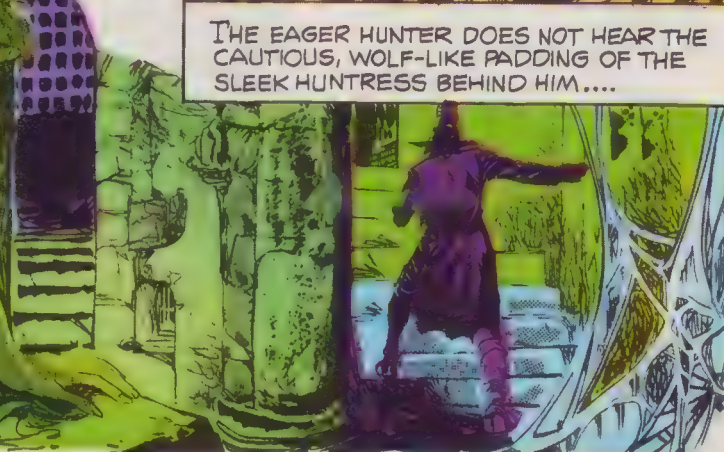
TORVATH BEGINS A RELENTLESS HUNT  
THROUGH THE DARK FORTRESS, NOT  
REALIZING THAT HE HIMSELF IS THE  
QUARRY!



RUN, MY LOVELY! RUN  
AS FAR AND AS FAST AS  
YOU CAN! FOR....SOON YOU  
WILL RUN YOURSELF  
INTO A CORNER!

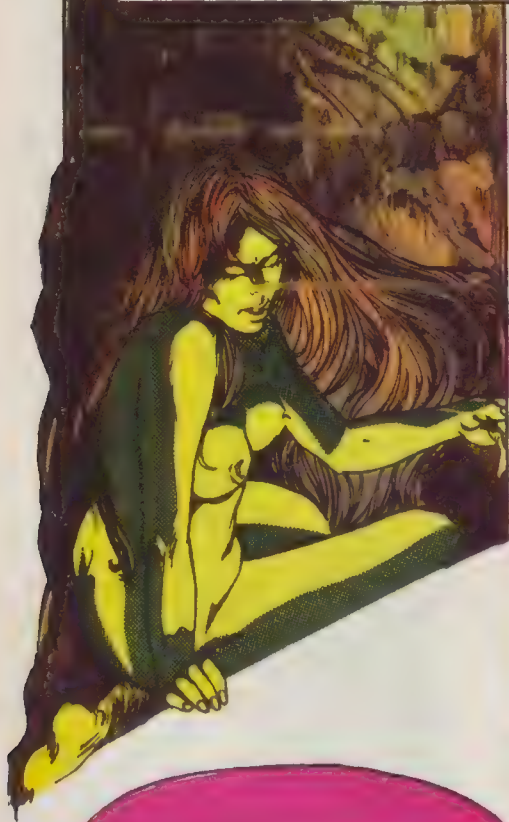


THE EAGER HUNTER DOES NOT HEAR THE  
CAUTIOUS, WOLF-LIKE PADDING OF THE  
SLEEK HUNTRESS BEHIND HIM....



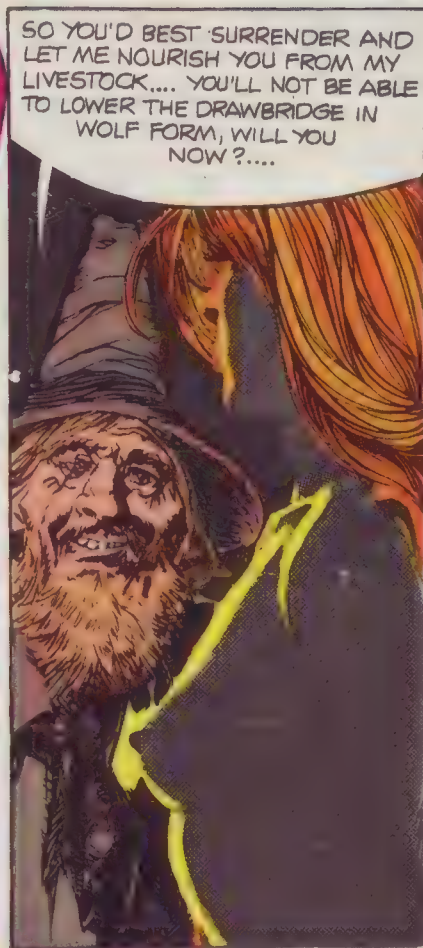


TORVATH'S HUNTING PROWESS IS RENOWNED, BUT THERE IS NO HUNTER LIKE THE ANIMAL!



SO! YOU'VE TRAPPED ME, HAVE YOU, MY WOLF-GIRL? REMEMBER, YOU HAD NO NOURISHMENT **LAST** NIGHT, AND YOU'RE WEAK FROM CLAWING YOURSELF OUT OF THAT CELL! SOON, THE SUN WILL BE DOWN — YOU WILL AGAIN BECOME A WOLF.

SO YOU'D BEST SURRENDER AND LET ME NOURISH YOU FROM MY LIVESTOCK.... YOU'LL NOT BE ABLE TO LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE IN WOLF FORM, WILL YOU NOW?....



...AND ANOTHER NIGHT WITHOUT FOOD WILL REALLY DRAIN YOU!





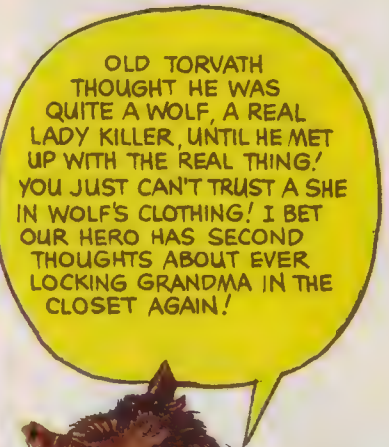
YES, I AM WEAK. MY HUMAN FORM NEEDS THE SUSTENANCE THAT ONLY MY WOLF-FORM PROVIDES....



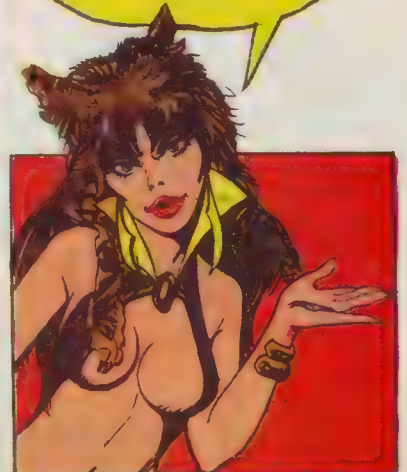
BUT I NEED NOT GO FAR FOR THAT SUSTENANCE. WE OF THE WHITE WOLVES HAVE ALWAYS RESPECTED MAN, BUT YOU.... YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF LOWER THAN AN ANIMAL!



...AND I SHALL FEAST LONG AND WELL ON YOUR SKULKING FLESH!



OLD TORVATH THOUGHT HE WAS QUITE A WOLF, A REAL LADY KILLER, UNTIL HE MET UP WITH THE REAL THING! YOU JUST CAN'T TRUST A SHE IN WOLF'S CLOTHING! I BET OUR HERO HAS SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT EVER LOCKING GRANDMA IN THE CLOSET AGAIN!





Horror story  
of the  
month

# The call of the dead





Darkness overcame him. Abysmal darkness unbroken by the slightest glimmer of light. The gloom made him tremble. Whilst he was still working out where exactly he was, he heard a slight noise. He couldn't determine where it came from because it appeared to come from everywhere at once. Slight crackling filled the stuffy atmosphere.

He listened in bewilderment. His body appeared to be away from it all. He saw no chance of controlling his paralysed limbs. Suddenly he felt his hair. It felt like glass. A hundred thousand finest needles penetrated deep into his skull. However, he could not cry. His mouth was parched. How long was it since he had had something to drink? His mouth was squeezed together as though steel clamps had been welded around his jaws. Everything was motionless and stiff.

Whilst fearfully listening to the crackle around him the giddiness returned. Tormenting pressure forced his head together. Mountains seem to close in on him and he was not capable of counter measures. Fiery tongues licked in his interior and ate deeply into his subconscious. Pictures scurried past. Shreds of recollections that were senseless to him. They combined into a rotating white dot which departed even more quickly. The feeling of giddiness took hold of his whole body. Yes, he felt his body again. Then again he suddenly heard this crackling noise. It seemed as though air in an empty room was circulating in a vacuum. He concentrated on this sound with as much power as he believed he possessed. This crackling seemed to provide the key for escape from this terrible darkness, away from this black hell. He longed for fresh air, for sun, flowers, and the blue sky.

The sound had by now intensified to a rumble.

Dark clouds passed over the cemetery. A gentle puff of wind rustled the branches of the slim birch trees. Suppressed gulping overcame him.

A spade crashed on to stone. A cluster of rose-coloured worms was severed by the sharp blade of the spade. Then the world shook as in an earthquake. The sky was distorted under the passing clouds. Black, grey clouds pushed past the sun.

The coffin suddenly appeared to become transparent as he caught a view of the stems of the birch trees. Then darkness quickly descended. Eventually

he only saw the shining blue sky, a narrow rectangle which became even smaller. Indistinct voices descended. Then clumps of earth fell down. Like thunderbolts they crashed on the resinous pinewood and shook his paralysed nervous system. An avalanche of muddy earth built up over him. Painfully he gasped for air—and could not breathe. A last quivering ray of sun expired suddenly out. Darkness was again everywhere.

Then he noticed that he was not alone. He wanted to turn his head but failed to do so. His whole body seemed as heavy as lead. He only seemed to hear and smell. Next to him a rattee sounded quite clearly. Wood splintered and the smell of fresh earth came to his nose. It smelt of mushrooms and stinking foul water. A cold breeze carried faint sniffing breathing sounds closer. Breath filled with purposeful eagerness. He heard tiny sharp teeth gnashing.

It came even closer.

Suddenly he felt the touch. He wanted to collapse and cry. Not a sound left his parched throat. He was alone with his terror. He was dead. He could feel his prickly hair graze his neck. It tickled him. Then a damp nose touched his cheek. A tiny foot sat on his chin. Suddenly there were more feet which quickly crept upwards and tiny claws boring themselves into his eyeballs. An oval body lay heavily on his face. It smelt sweetly. As the long prickly hair whisked diagonally across his forehead he knew who had entered.

He immediately realised what was the matter with him.

Before the first bite he made himself relinquish all his fear and despair. He cried as he had never cried before. But his mouth remained dumb. The echo of his cries vibrated in his black, sticky confines and shook his rigid body.

The cry faded away in the gloom. The old lady took the youngster firmly by the hand. White hair framed her wrinkled old face. Time had left clear marks in her bent body. She would not survive the summer. She guessed that. As she passed the freshly dug grave pile she suddenly stopped to listen. She nodded gently with her head. Barely audible words left her wrinkled lips.

"Do you hear the cries of the dead, my youngster?"

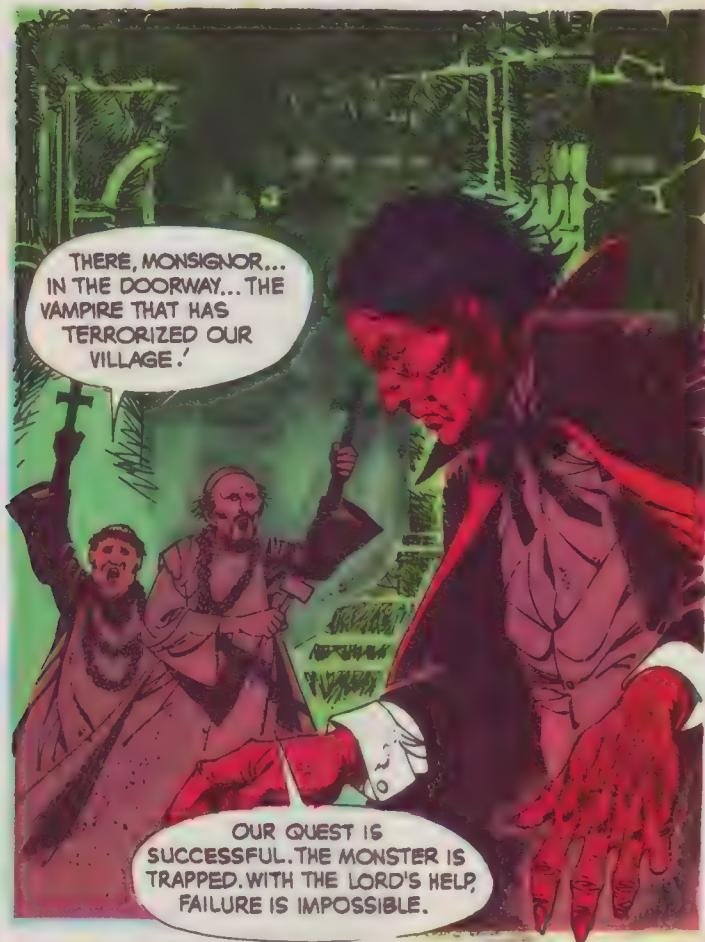


The little one had not listened. He released the gouty hand and walked out of the cemetery gate. That was no place for him. Not in any grave. The wind rustled in the foliage of the birch trees. The old lady stood in front of the grave and murmured pensively. Yes, just call. Nobody will hear you. She should know because she was very close to death. She straightened the wreaths and plucked out some dried flowers.

Only she heard the awesome cry destined to continue for eternity. The call of the dead.



LONG NIGHTS OF INTENSE INVESTIGATION AND SEARCHING FINALLY BEAR FRUIT AS TWO PRIESTS OF THE VILLAGE OF ALBA LULIA IN TRANSYLVANIA CLOSE IN UPON ONE OF THE UNDEAD, TRAPPING HIM WITHIN THE RUINS OF AN ANCIENT BUILDING.



THERE, MONSIGNOR... IN THE DOORWAY... THE VAMPIRE THAT HAS TERRORIZED OUR VILLAGE.'

OUR QUEST IS SUCCESSFUL. THE MONSTER IS TRAPPED. WITH THE LORD'S HELP, FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE.



HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE. HURRY! WE MUST NOT LOSE HIM THIS TIME.

DON'T WORRY, IT SHALL BE HIS FINAL ESCAPE ATTEMPT. FOLLOW HIM.

THE ANCIENT STONE FLOOR RESOUNDS LOUDLY TO THE VAMPIRE'S POUNDING FEET. FOOTPRINTS IN DUST UNDISTURBED FOR YEARS LEAVE A CLEAR TRAIL...



# THE CRY OF THE DHAMPIR

...WHICH LEADS, INEVITABLY, TO A HIGH CEILINGED ROOM WITH THE ONLY DOOR BLOCKED BY THE PRIESTS.



SPAWN OF SATAN! YOUR SOUL, DAMNED FOR ALL ETERNITY, WILL SOON GROVEL FOREVER IN THE FIERY PITS OF HELL.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ANOTHER TYPICAL VAMPIRE EPIC, YOU SAY... WHERE YOU KNOW BEFOREHAND EACH MOVE OF THE CHARACTERS ... AND THE END COMES DEEP IN SOME ANCIENT CATACOMBS WHERE THE DOCTOR POUNDS THE CLICHÉ-RIDDEN STAKE DEEP INTO THE VAMPIRE'S BLOATED HEART. NO... NOT THIS TIME. A BREATH OF FETID AIR DIRECT FROM REALITY WILL SOON OVERTHROW ALL THE CLICHES AND CARRY WITH IT THE UNEXPECTED CRY OF THE DHAMPIR.



ART BY AURALEON / STORY BY JOHN JACOBSON





YOU TALK TOO MUCH, MAN OF GOD. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR TRACKING SKILL FOUND ME?

A QUICK JERK OF THE BELL ROPE RELEASES A CUNNINGLY PREPARED TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR, SENDING THE STARTLED PRIESTS FALLING INTO THE CELLAR...



COULD IT BE THAT I WANTED YOU TO FIND ME?



AN IRONIC END FOR VAMPIRE KILLERS... IS IT NOT?



DON'T WASTE YOUR EFFORT, BYRON. I AM ALREADY ONE OF THE UNDEAD... AS YOU WELL KNOW.

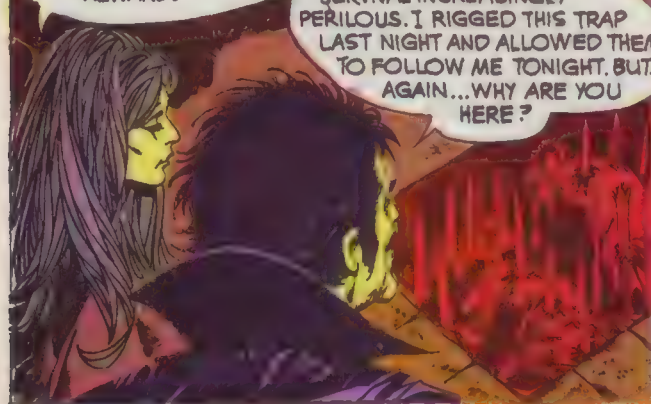


YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED? YOU CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO LIVE... AND SO TELL OTHERS.

DAEGGA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE... SO FAR FROM YOUR... HOME?

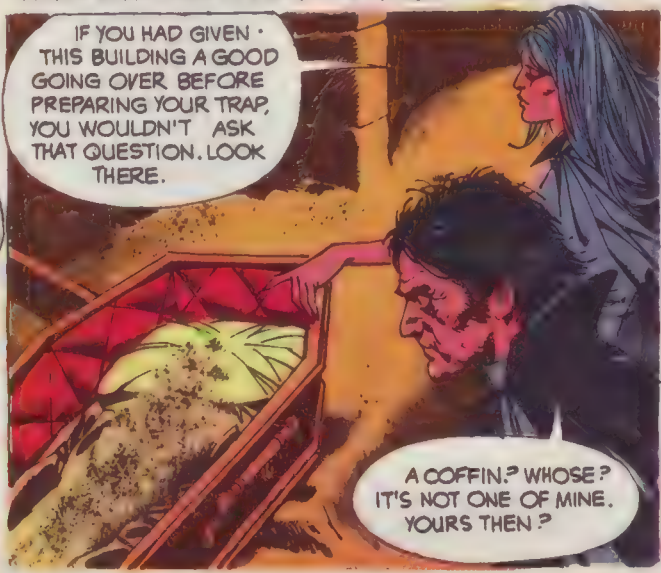
WHILE IN THE FORM OF A BAT I WITNESSED YOUR FLIGHT FROM THE PRIESTS. I SAW YOU TRAPPED IN THIS BUILDING AND ENTERED IN HOPES OF PROVIDING SOME HELP. I HAVE NO LOVE FOR WOULD-BE VAMPIRE KILLERS. BUT BEFORE I COULD COME TO YOUR RESCUE YOU SPRANG YOUR LITTLE TRAP DOOR AND SENT THEM TO AN ALLEGED HEAVENLY REWARD.

AND A CLEVER TRAP IT WAS, TOO. THOSE PRIESTS WERE MAKING MY SURVIVAL INCREASINGLY PERILOUS. I RIGGED THIS TRAP LAST NIGHT AND ALLOWED THEM TO FOLLOW ME TONIGHT. BUT... AGAIN... WHY ARE YOU HERE?



THE ANSWER IS DRAMATICALLY PROVIDED AS DAEGGA LEADS BYRON TO ANOTHER ROOM OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING.

IF YOU HAD GIVEN THIS BUILDING A GOOD GOING OVER BEFORE PREPARING YOUR TRAP, YOU WOULDN'T ASK THAT QUESTION. LOOK THERE.



A COFFIN? WHOSE? IT'S NOT ONE OF MINE. YOURS THEN?





NO...NOT MINE. THE OWNER IS STILL IN THE COFFIN... COMPLETELY DESTROYED... ANNIHILATED... RETURNED TO THE FINEST ASH. HE WAS DESTROYED SO SUDDENLY THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO RESIST. LOOK AT HOW UNRUFFLED THE CLOTHING IS.

BUT WHAT KILLED HIM? I SEE NOTHING OF DANGER TO US HERE.



YES, I'VE HEARD STORIES...FILTERED THROUGH GOSSIPY OLD WOMEN. BUT I PAID THEM NO HEED.

A VAMPIRE BY THE NAME OF VLADIMIR CAME TO ME A FEW MONTHS AGO WITH A THEORY THAT THE DEATHS WERE NOT RANDOM, BUT CAUSED BY ONE AGENCY. SEARCHING FOR INFORMATION, HE CAME TO THIS VILLAGE. WHEN I CAUGHT UP TO HIM HE HAD ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED. THIS IS WHAT REMAINS OF HIM.

YOU KNOW WELL OF THE HIGH NUMBER OF VAMPIRE DEATHS DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, BYRON.

DAEGGA UNBOLTS THE SHUTTER TO THE WINDOW. IT SWINGS OPEN, GIVING AN UNRESTRICTED VIEW OF THE VALLEY IN WHICH IS LOCATED THE VILLAGE. SOUNDS OF MUSIC AND GAIETY FLOAT UP FROM BELOW.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT DESTROYED HIM?

WAGER ANYTHING? EVEN YOUR EXISTENCE?

THIS...THING... PLACES US IN DANGER ANYWAY. WILL YOU COME WITH ME...TO THE CIRCUS...IF ONLY TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND?

IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, FAIR VAMPIRE. IT WILL BE AN INTERESTING CHANGE FOR ME. TOO LONG HAVE I CONSORTED ONLY WITH CREATURES OF THE NIGHT, CUT OFF FROM ALL HUMAN FRIVOLITY. THE LAUGHTER OF RED BLOODED CHILDREN SHALL DO MY SOUL GOOD.



THERE IS A CIRCUS AT THE EDGE OF TOWN... THE SAME CIRCUS WAS AT EACH VILLAGE IN WHICH A VAMPIRE WAS DESTROYED. IT IS MORE THAN COINCIDENCE. I'LL WAGER ANYTHING THAT OUR ENEMY IS THERE.



LAUGH NOW, IF YOU MUST. I ONLY PREY THAT YOU, AND NOT SOMETHING... ELSE... WILL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH.

SOON, AT THE CIRCUS, BYRON AND DAEGGA ARE SURROUNDED BY THE UNFAMILIAR SIGHTS OF HAPPY CROWDS OF PEOPLE OUT FOR A NIGHT'S FUN.



THE ANSWER IS HERE. BUT HOW CAN WE FIND IT AMONG THESE HIDEOUSLY NOISY CROWDS OF PEOPLE.

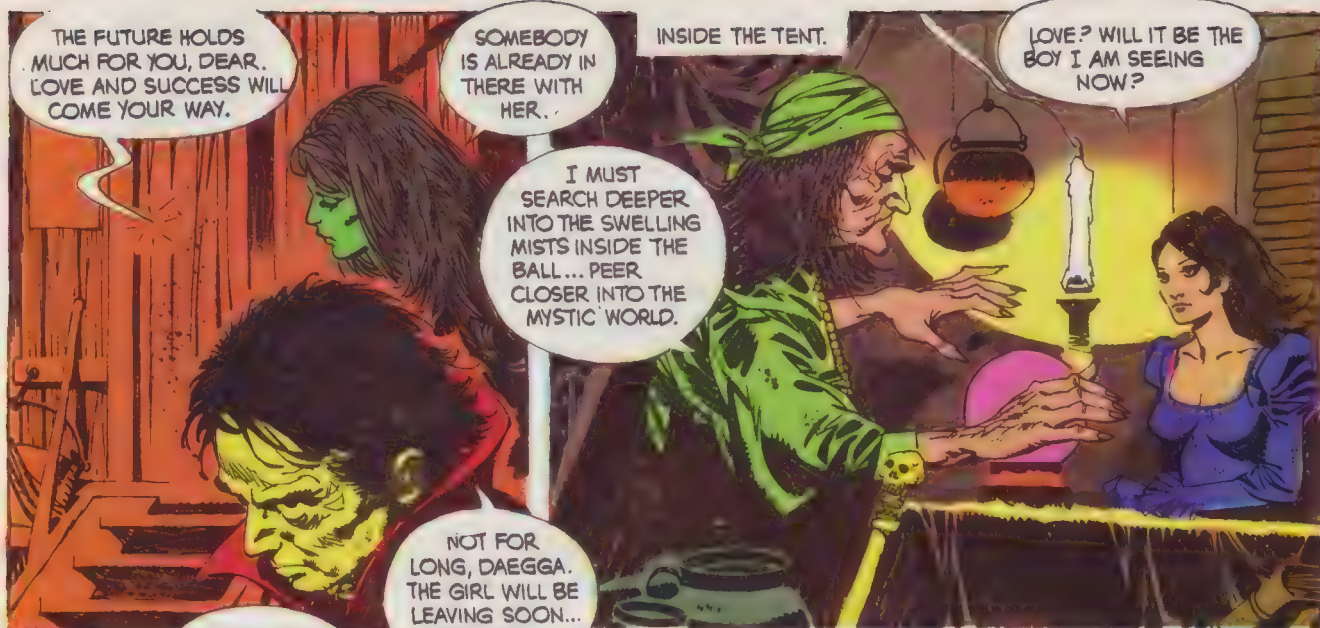
WE NEED PRIVACY. ONLY IN SOLITUDE CAN WE USE OUR POWERS SAFELY.



TRYPHENIA:  
GYPSY FORTUNE  
TELLER: SEE WHAT  
THE FUTURE  
HOLDS FOR YOU:  
YOUR DESTINY  
IN THE  
TEA LEAVES

THE GYPSY...HER TENT WOULD BE DARK AND QUIET. THERE WOULD BE NO INTERRUPTION AS WE... PUT TO HER THE QUESTION.





THE FUTURE HOLDS MUCH FOR YOU, DEAR. LOVE AND SUCCESS WILL COME YOUR WAY.

SOMEBODY IS ALREADY IN THERE WITH HER.

INSIDE THE TENT.

LOVE? WILL IT BE THE BOY I AM SEEING NOW?

I MUST SEARCH DEEPER INTO THE SWELLING MISTS INSIDE THE BALL... PEER CLOSER INTO THE MYSTIC WORLD.

NOT FOR LONG, DAEGGA. THE GIRL WILL BE LEAVING SOON... VERY SOON.

THE MISTS HIDE FROM ME THE ONE WHO WILL SEEK YOU OUT, BUT...



... BUT... WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GIRL? I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET.



I... AH... BUT...

... BUT MY MONEY... YOU HAVEN'T PAID ME... AHH.



BEWILDERED BY THE STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS, THE OLD GYPSY BIDS DAEGGA BE SEATED AT THE TABLE. TENSION HANGS HEAVILY IN THE CONFINED WAGON.



AH... WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO KNOW OR LEARN?

MADAM, CAN I HAVE MY FORTUNE TOLD?



DAEGGA DOES NOT SPEAK. HER WILL ARCS THE SPACE BETWEEN THEM AND ENTERS THE GYPSY'S MIND ON A BEAM OF POTENT MENTAL ENERGY...

...PROBING WITH GENTLE YET FORCEFUL WISPS OF POWER AMONG THE CLUTTERED MEMORIES OF A NOMADIC LIFE.

SLOWLY THE RANDOM PARTS OF AN ANCIENT MEMORY ARE JOINED TOGETHER.

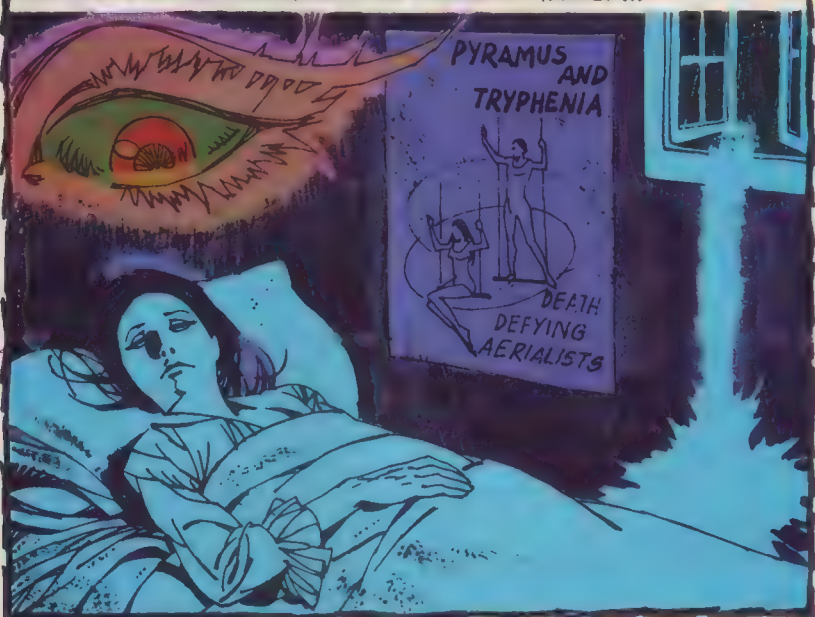


WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU... INSIDE ME... A PART OF ME... HOW?



IT WAS ALL SO LONG AGO... IT WAS YESTERDAY. HE IS GROWN NOW... BUT THAT CAN'T BE... HE IS NOT YET BORN...

I AM EXPECTING OUR FIRST CHILD. BUT THE COMING OF NIGHT BRINGS NO THOUGHTS OF PLEASURE, BUT ONLY VISIONS OF TERROR...



...NOT TERROR OF THE UNBORN, BUT TERROR...



... OF THE UNDEAD !!!



HIS MOUTH...HIS TEETH...SO LONG... SHARP... BUT I CAN DO NOTHING... HE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE... AND EACH TIME I FALL MORE UNDER HIS POWER...



WAIT...WHAT IS THE MATTER... WHY IS HE TURNING AWAY?



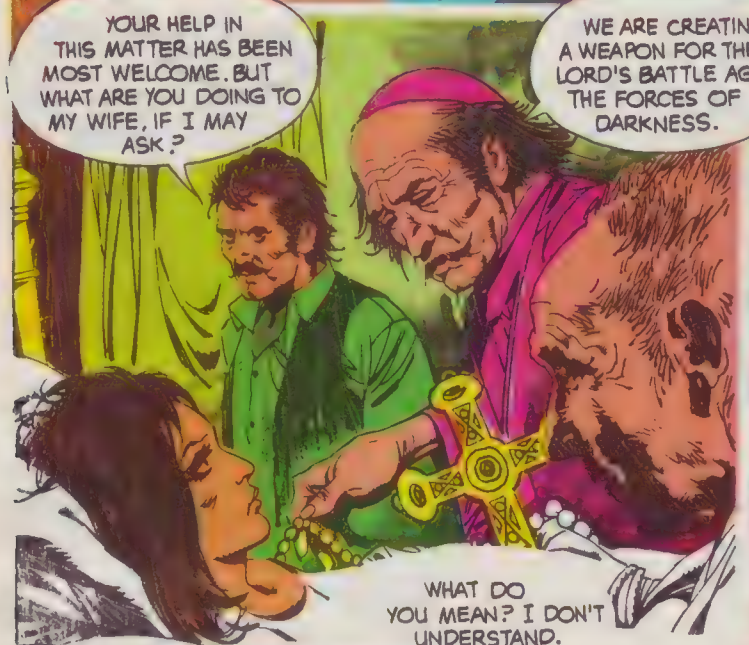




IT IS MY HUSBAND!

DON'T WORRY. IT'S ALL RIGHT. THE EVIL IS DESTROYED YOU ARE SAFE.

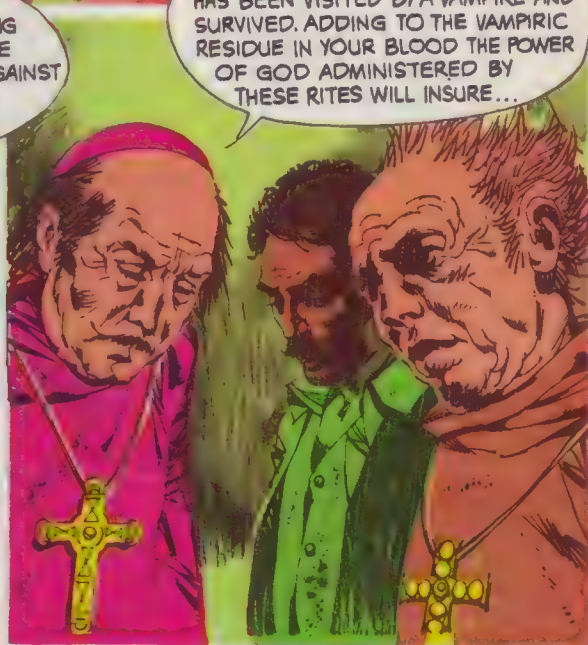
PLEASE STAND ASIDE ... QUICKLY. THIS OPPORTUNITY... SO RARE... CANNOT BE LIGHTLY DISMISSED.



YOUR HELP IN THIS MATTER HAS BEEN MOST WELCOME. BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY WIFE, IF I MAY ASK?

WE ARE CREATING A WEAPON FOR THE LORD'S BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF DARKNESS.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.



YOU, YOUNG LADY, ARE RARE... A PREGNANT WOMAN WHO HAS BEEN VISITED BY A VAMPIRE AND SURVIVED. ADDING TO THE VAMPIRIC RESIDUE IN YOUR BLOOD THE POWER OF GOD ADMINISTERED BY THESE RITES WILL INSURE...



...THAT YOUR OFFSPRING WILL HAVE THE SUPERNATURAL POWER TO DESTROY VAMPIRES AT A TOUCH.

YOUR FAMILY WILL BECOME BLESSED IN THAT A MEMBER WILL BE IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE LORD'S BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF SATAN... HE WILL BE A...DHAMPIR.

WE ARE HONoured AND THANKFUL, FATHER.

WHAT I HAD HEARD PRAYED ON MY MIND FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT. I TOSSED AND TURNED AND WAS UNABLE TO GET ANY SLEEP. HOW UNBELIEVABLE THAT I WAS TO BE AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD.



THE ROOM IS OPPRESSIVE. THE VAMPIRE HAS BEEN DESTROYED... BUT AN AURA OF EVIL STILL CLINGS TO THIS WAGON...



...HOVERING OVER ME...WAITING  
FOR A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS...



PRETTY WORDS,  
GYPSY WOMAN. BUT  
I AM NOT YET  
DESTROYED.



BUT I AM TOO WELL  
PROTECTED. YOU SHALL  
NEVER GET BY THIS.



AAAAHHH!!!!

YOU TOOK ME  
BY SURPRISE,  
VAMPIRE. BUT THE  
FORCES OF EVIL  
CANNOT LONG KEEP  
THE FORCES OF  
GOOD AT BAY.



THAT WILL  
BE TAKEN CARE  
OF SHORTLY,  
HELLSPAWN!

I KNOW ALL  
I NEED TO KNOW  
...AND YOU KNOW  
TOO MUCH.

DESPERATION LENDS STRENGTH  
TO DAEGGA AS SHE FLINGS A  
HEAVY PAIR OF BOOTS AT THE  
ADVANCING WOMAN.

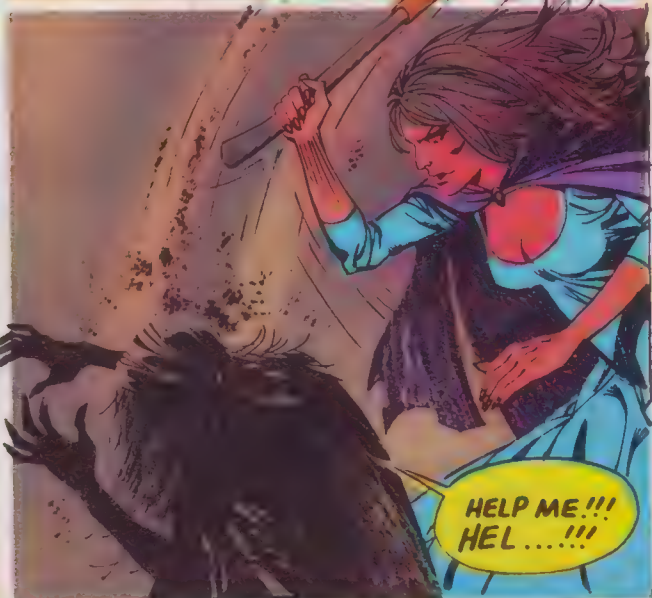
WHA...!



...TAKEN CARE  
OF... YES, BY  
ME!!!



AAHH, MY  
HEAD! HELP ME,  
SOMEONE!!!



HELP ME!!!  
HEL...!!!



AS DAEGGA KNEELS BY THE DEAD WOMAN AND SATISFIES HER UNHOLY THIRST THE REAR DOOR OPENS.

A MOMENT'S GLANCE INTO THE HATE-FILLED EYES OF THE YOUNG MAN SHOWS DAEGGA THAT SHE IS CONFRONTED BY THE...

MOTHER!!!

...DHAMPIR!!!

MONSTER!!!  
THIS OLD WOMAN  
NEVER HURT  
YOU.

GIVE  
CHASE. DESTROY  
HER BEFORE SHE  
ESCAPES.

DAEGGA RUNS THROUGH THE  
TWISTING ALLEYS OF THE CIRCUS,  
BLIND TO EVERYTHING BUT THE  
THOUGHT OF ESCAPE, UNTIL...

AHHH! BYRON!  
THE MONSTER  
IS...

SHE BROUGHT  
YOU INTO THIS  
WORLD DIDN'T  
SHE?

I MUST EXTINGUISH  
THE FIRE FIRST BEFORE  
IT SPREADS. THEN I'LL  
HUNT HER DOWN. AND  
SHE WILL NOT ESCAPE  
MY VENGEANCE.

DON'T WASTE  
TIME WITH TALK. I KNOW  
EVERYTHING. I  
ESTABLISHED A MENTAL  
LINK WITH YOU. WE MUST  
LEAVE AS QUICKLY AS  
POSSIBLE.

THEIR ESCAPE IS INTERRUPTED WHEN A MAN STUMBLES  
FROM THE SHADOWS AND...

VAMPIRE!  
THERE'S A VAMPIRE  
LOOSE IN THE CIRCUS  
GROUNDS. THIS  
GIRL IS DEAD... ALL  
HER BLOOD  
DRAINED.

THAT GIRL...  
THE ONE YOU  
LURED OUT OF  
THE GYPSY'S  
WAGON.

WHAT DID YOU  
EXPECT ME TO DO  
WITH HER. I COULDN'T  
LET HER GO, NOW  
COULD I? IF WE PLAY  
THINGS RIGHT, THIS MAY  
WORK TO OUR  
ADVANTAGE...



...WITH EVERYONE RUNNING TO SEE WHAT THE COMMOTION IS WE'LL HAVE A CLEAR ROUTE OF ESCAPE.

MUST YOU LEAVE THE CIRCUS SO SOON, VAMPIRES. IT REALLY IS THE HIGH SPOT OF VILLAGE SOCIAL LIFE FOR THE YEAR.

AHHH!  
BYRON!!!

I KNOW.  
IT'S THE  
DHAMPIR.

YOU REALLY MUST LET ME  
SHOW YOU AROUND. HERE...  
TAKE MY HAND.

OUT OF HER MIND WITH FEAR, DAEGGA GRIPS BYRON AS TIGHTLY AS SHE CAN, PREVENTING HIM FROM TAKING ANY ACTION AGAINST THE DHAMPIR.

YOU'VE COMPLETELY LOST  
CONTROL, DAEGGA. I HAVE  
NO CHOICE. ALL IS LOST  
FOR ME, UNLESS...

DO  
SOMETHING,  
BYRON. HE'LL  
KILL ME...  
US...

GET HOLD OF  
YOURSELF, DAEGGA.  
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING  
UNTIL YOU RELEASE ME  
FROM YOUR  
STRANGLEHOLD.

INTO THE  
WOODS. CATCH  
AND DESTROY  
HIM  
QUICKLY.

...I SACRIFICE  
YOU!!!

A STRONG LEAP CARRIES BYRON  
OVER THE STONE WALL INTO THE  
DARKNESS OF THE WOODS  
BORDERING THE CIRCUS.

WHICH  
WAY DID  
THE OTHER  
ONE GO?

'TIS A PITY, DAEGGA DEAR,  
BUT YOU LOST YOUR HEAD AT  
THE MOMENT YOU NEEDED IT  
MOST. BUT YOU GAVE ME THE  
EXTRA FEW SECONDS I NEED  
TO COMPLETE MY ESCAPE.

BYRON!!!  
NO!!!



NO... NOT IN THE WOODS  
... ABOVE THE WOODS.



I'M SAFE FOR THE  
MOMENT. THE DHAMPIR,  
CAN'T REACH ME WHILE  
I'M IN THE FORM OF  
A BAT.

BUT THE DHAMPIR, A SUPERNATURAL  
BEING WITH THE BLOOD OF VAMPIRES  
FLOWING IN HIS VEINS, HAS RESOURCES  
TO DRAW UPON THAT BYRON COULD  
NEVER GUESS.

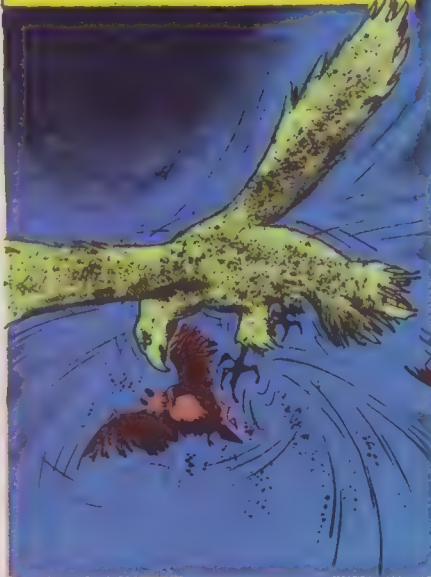
THE SUDDEN MID-AIR ATTACK CATCHES BYRON  
COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE.



A SATANIC MIRACLE THROWS BYRON  
CLEAR OF THE IMPACT BEFORE THE  
DHAMPIR'S TALONS CAN SINK INTO HIS  
BODY.



TWISTING AND TURNING IN THE SKY  
ABOVE THE CIRCUS, BYRON RAPIDLY  
TIRES. EACH SWIPE OF THE DEADLY  
TALONS COMES CLOSER...



YOU ...  
DHAMPIR ... ALSO  
THE GREAT BIRD  
THAT ATTACKED  
ME?



YES. HALF OF MY  
HERITAGE IS VAMPIRE AND  
I HAVE MANY OF YOUR  
POWERS...WHICH MAKES  
ME UNBEATABLE.

BUT ENOUGH  
TALK. I AM DELAYING  
MY HOLY MISSION...  
THE DESTRUCTION OF  
ALL VAMPIRES.



WAIT... SPARE ME...  
I CAN BE OF USE TO YOU...  
INFORMATION ON OTHER  
VAMPIRES... IF YOU LET  
ME LIVE.



IT'S ALWAYS INTERESTING TO HEAR WHAT THE VAMPIRES WILL OFFER ME IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR LIVES... AS I ADVANCE FOR THE FINAL...

... KILL!!!

BLAM!

ANOTHER VAMPIRE WHO WON'T BE BOTHERING GOD- FEARING FOLK AGAIN.

YOU'RE LUCKY, YOUNG MAN. IN ANOTHER SECOND YOU'D HAVE BEEN DONE IN.

THE SILVER BULLET DID ITS JOB WELL.

OUR VILLAGE HAS BEEN BOTHERED LATELY BY A VAMPIRE. WE Banded TOGETHER IN SECRET TO PREPARE WEAPONS AGAINST THIS CREATURE. WHEN THE ALARM WAS GIVEN TONIGHT WE WERE READY TO GO INTO ACTION.

SILVER BULLET? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH SILVER BULLETS AT THE CIRCUS?

WE SAW HIM FROM AFAR CHANGING INTO HUMAN FORM FROM A GREAT WHITE DEVIL BIRD. ONLY THOSE IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL HAVE SUCH POWERS.

SLOWLY THE CROWD DISPERSES. THE HOUR IS LATE AND THE VILLAGERS BEGIN RETURNING TO THEIR HOMES.

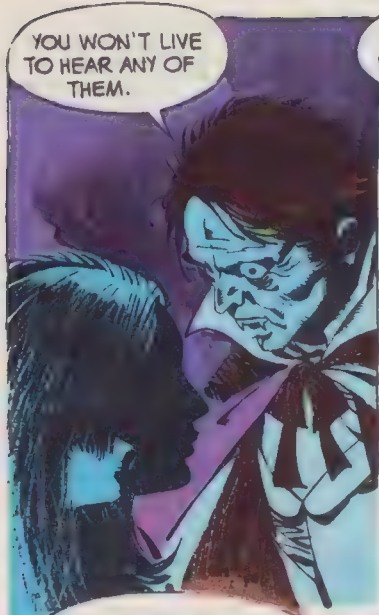
A SLIGHT SOUND... BYRON SPINS AROUND.

HA! HA! HA! YES DHAMPIR... YOU DID HAVE MANY OF MY POWERS... AND ALSO ONE OF MY WEAKNESSES... SILVER WAS AS DEADLY TO YOU AS IT IS TO ME.

YOU! THE DHAMPIR'S GIRLFRIEND. I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT YOU'D HAVE ENOUGH SENSE TO GET OUT OF THE AREA.

AN INCREDIBLE ACT... YOU ACTUALLY HAD HIM DESTROYED. YOUR KIND WILL SING SONGS OF THIS FOR MANY CENTURIES TO COME.





YOU WON'T LIVE TO HEAR ANY OF THEM.



NOR YOU, VAMPIRE.

BYRON FEELS A DEEPENING CHILL. THIS IS NOT THE TYPICAL SCREAMING, WHIMPERING VAMPIRE VICTIM. SHE IS TOO SELF-CONFIDENT... TOO COMPOSED.



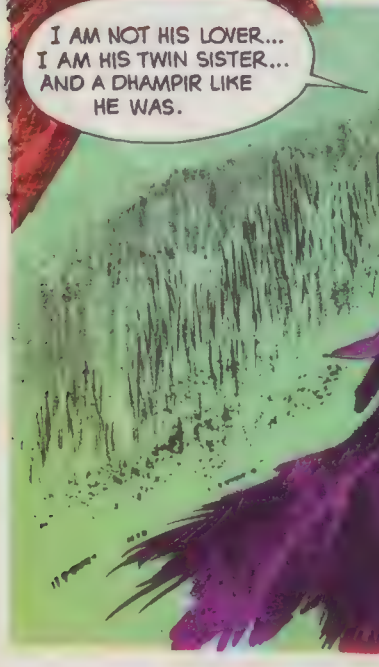
YOU WERE LUCKY THIS EVENING... VERY LUCKY. BUT YOUR LUCK HAS JUST BEEN EXHAUSTED.



THERE IS ONE FACT YOU FAILED TO LEARN ABOUT THE GYPSY WOMAN. NINE MONTHS AFTER THE VAMPIRE VISITED HER, SHE GAVE BIRTH...



... TO TWINS!!!



I AM NOT HIS LOVER... I AM HIS TWIN SISTER... AND A DHAMPIR LIKE HE WAS.

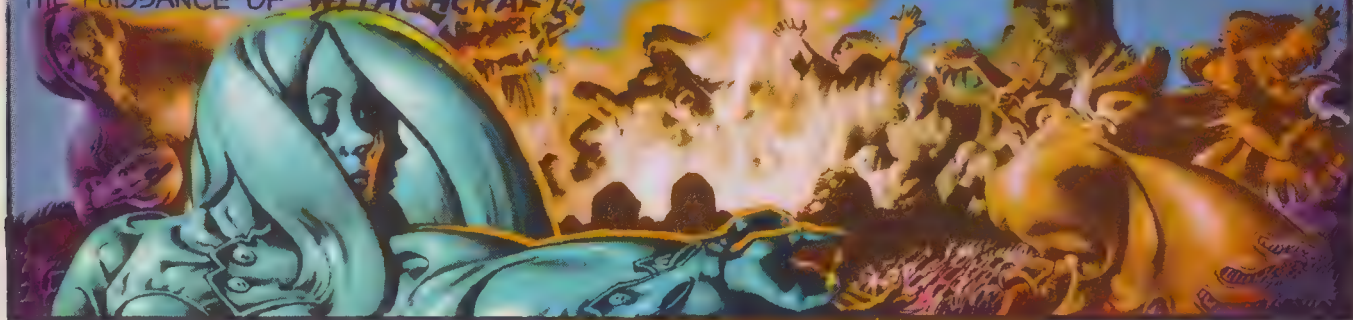
IT'S ALMOST ENOUGH TO MAKE A GOOD VAMPIRE KILLER HANG UP HIS STAKE AND RETIRE.





# Prologue:

SALEM 1794... IN THE WARM GLOW OF THE FIRELIGHT, **THIRTEEN** LITHE BODIES DANCED ACROSS THE MOOLESS NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE. THEIRS WAS A **DANCE MACABRE...** A RITUAL **DANCE** OF THE DEAD... AND THE GROUND THEY TROD WAS PROFANED BY THE PUISSANCE OF **WITCHCRAFT!**



KARYN HAINING, HER SOFT EYES DISGUISED THE FERVID PASSIONS WITHIN, DANCED IN FRENZIED, EROTIC ABANDON... AS THOUGH THE **FURIOUS** MOTION WOULD SOMEHOW DRIVE THE **HATRED** AND **BITTERNESS** FROM HER BODY...



OH, **HOLLAND** WHY HAVE YOU **FORCED** ME INTO THIS? I COULD HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO YOU!

HER THOUGHTS GO **BACK!** SHE RECALLS HOW ONE NIGHT EARLIER, THE DANCING WAS OF A **DIFFERENT** NATURE. **THEN**, THE VILLAGE SQUARE HAD GLOWED GENTLY IN THE GAS-LIGHT... ALIVE WITH JOCLAR FACES AND FLUTTERING SKIRTS...

GOOD EVENING, MR.. WINGATE! ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS, YOU SHOULD BE **DANCING**, NOT TALKING. IT'S SO WILD, SO

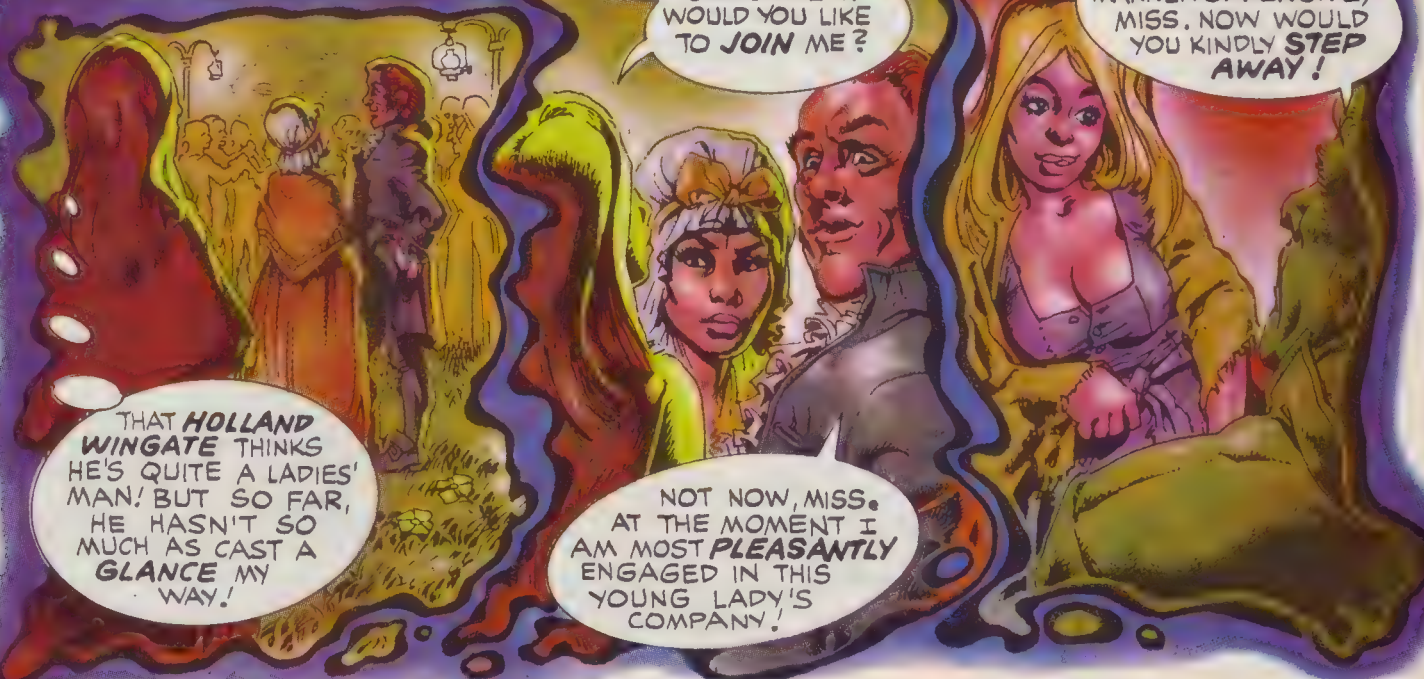
SENSUAL... WOULD YOU LIKE TO **JOIN** ME?

SURELY I COULD **OFFER** YOU MORE.. MUCH **MORE...**

I FIND YOUR MANNER **OFFENSIVE**, MISS. NOW WOULD YOU KINDLY **STEP AWAY!**

THAT **HOLLAND WINGATE** THINKS HE'S QUITE A LADIES' MAN! BUT SO FAR, HE HASN'T SO MUCH AS CAST A **GLANCE** MY WAY!

NOT NOW, MISS. AT THE MOMENT I AM MOST **PLEASANTLY** ENGAGED IN THIS YOUNG LADY'S COMPANY!





THE DRUMS CEASED AND THE DANCING WAS ARRESTED. SILENTLY, THE **COVEN** GATHERED AROUND THE ANCIENT STONE ALTAR, **EACH** WITH THEIR OWN **DARK THOUGHTS...**

YOU MADE A **FOOL** OF ME BEFORE THE WHOLE VILLAGE, **HOLLAND WINGATE** FOR THAT, YOU WILL **SUFFER!**

LET THE **RITE OF CONJURATION** BEGIN!

THE **LAMB** SQUEALED ONCE AS THE BLADE PLUNGED INTO ITS SOFT UNDERBELLY. THIS WAS NO **LAMB OF GOD** WHO WOULD **CLEANSE** THE WORLD OF EVIL... THIS WAS A **LAMB** THAT WOULD DWELL IN **HELL...**

**LORD OF DARKNESS...** WE, THE STEWARDS OF **SATAN**, ASK THEE TO SEND US...

...THY SERVANT THE **SIDHE**, TO AID US IN HOMAGE TO YOUR **WILL...**

THE **CHANTING** DRONED ON AND THE AIR PERMEATED WITH THE ODOUR OF SULPHUR AND BRIMSTONE!

ALL WATCHED IN AWE AND ANTICIPATION AS I WAS DRAWN FROM MY WORLD INTO **THEIRS!**



HOW DO I DESCRIBE THE **PAIN** THAT TORE AT MY BODY AS I PASSED THROUGH ETHEREAL **BARRIERS** TO THIS **WORLD OF THE LIVING...** A WORLD OF WHICH I HAD **ONCE** BEEN A PART!



THE **SUN-GOD** AND **PANTHA** ARE HARD ACTS TO **FOLLOW!** BUT THIS LITTLE TALE OF A **WITCH** AND HER PET **DEMON** OUGHT TO BE JUST THE CHANGE OF PACE YOU NEED, TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST FOR THE MACABRE...



GRADUALLY THE PAIN SUBSIDED AND I **HEARD** THE VOICE OF THE ONE WHO SUMMONED ME. IT WAS A **SOFT** VOICE... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN **GENTLE** IF NOT TEMPERED BY YEARS OF **RESENTMENT** AND **SELF-PITY...**

# AS THOUGH THEY WERE LIVING!

HER **COMMANDS** ECHOED IN MY MIND, FAMILIAR WORDS OF **HATRED...** ONES I MIGHT HAVE USED **MYSELF** CENTURIES AGO. BUT THEN THERE CAME **OTHER** VOICES... **ANGRY** VOICES... AND ANOTHER KIND OF **HATRED!**



SO, EVIL ONE, YOU HAVE COME AS I **COMMANDED!** THEN LISTEN... THERE ARE TWO IN THE VILLAGE WHO HAVE **WRONGED** ME... I WANT THEM **PUNISHED!**



THERE **THEY** ARE, **MINISTER**, JUST LIKE I **TOLD** YOU! THE **WITCHES!**

**FOUL MONSTERS!** WE MUST **DESTROY** EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



ALL THE **MADNESS** OF HELL  
COULDN'T COMPARE WITH THE  
**HORROR** WHEN THE **MINISTER**  
CONFRONTED THE **WITCHES**...

BUT HER WORDS WERE  
**SILENCED** BY THE THIN  
**SHAFT** THAT JUTTED  
FROM HER BREAST...

AND YET A COMMAND HAD BEEN,  
**GIVEN!** I **TURNED** TOWARD THOSE  
**PITIFUL MORTALS**, AND...



SIDHE  
STOP THEM!... STOP THE... AHK



MY **CAWD!**  
IT IS SOMETHING  
OUT OF **HELL**  
ITSELF...



THE **DEED** WAS DONE. I  
LOOKED AT THE STILL FORM  
OF MY **MISTRESS**, THE FIRES  
OF HER HATRED QUENCHED  
BY DEATH. YET IT WAS HER WILL  
THAT BROUGHT ME INTO THIS  
WORLD... HER VOICE THAT GAVE  
ME A MISSION I WAS  
**BOUND** TO OBEY...

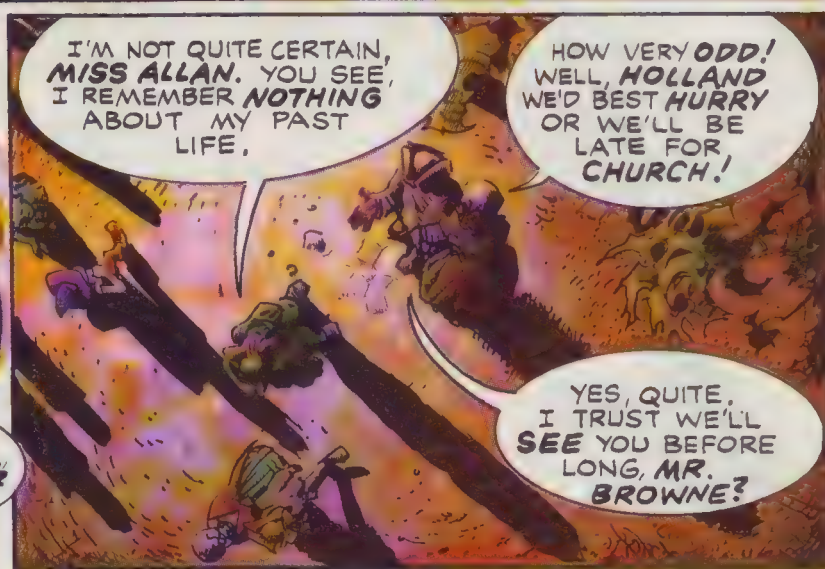
AND SO I BECAME A **MAN**! CERTAINLY NOT THE ONLY  
ONE WHOSE MORTAL SHELL BELIED THE **TRUE**  
NATURE. WITHIN...

AND **NOW** I **HUNT** THE ONE MY MISTRESS  
ORDERED ME TO **PUNISH**...! THE MAN  
NAMED **HOLLAND WINGATE**!



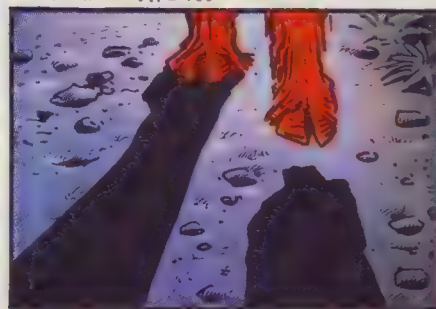


IN A VILLAGE THIS SIZE, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR ME TO FIND THE ONES I SOUGHT. WE CHANCED TO MEET IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE, AND I INTRODUCED MYSELF AS **NATHAN BROWNE**.



**HOLLAND WINGATE** DID NOT REALIZE HOW PROPHETIC THOSE PARTING WORDS HAD BEEN! THAT NIGHT, I FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH THE TENEBROUS BACK ROADS OF THE VILLAGE AS HE WALKED HOME, **UNSUSPECTING**...

SOMETHING INSIDE ME **PITIED** HIM. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT **EVIL** HE HAD DONE THAT I MUST **SLAY** HIM, AND SOMEHOW I SENSED THAT HE DESERVED **BETTER** THAN THIS...

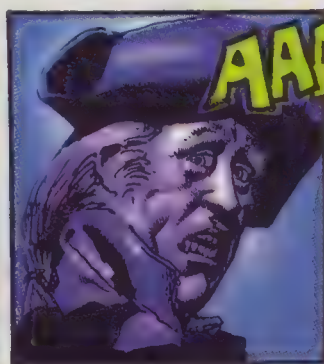
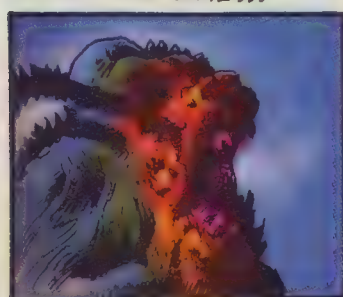


THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I MIGHT HAVE HAD THE WILL TO **RESIST**... TO **CHOOSE** BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL...

BUT THAT TIME HAS **LONG** PASSED...

THERE IS **NO** LONGER CHOICE...

THERE IS ONLY **OBEDIENCE!**





MORNING CAME, AND MY **DARK DEEDS** OF THE NIGHT BEFORE WERE BROUGHT TO LIGHT...

OH, **NATHAN!** HOLLAND WAS FOUND **MURDERED** LAST NIGHT. IT'S SO **TERRIBLE!**

I'M **SORRY** SHELLEY. HAVE THEY **CAUGHT** THE MURDERER YET?

NO, THEY THINK HE WAS ATTACKED BY SOME **WILD ANIMAL!** OH, NATHAN WOULD YOU **WALK** ME HOME, PLEASE? I PREFER NOT TO BE **ALONE** RIGHT NOW.

I FOUND MYSELF **ODDLY ATTRACTED** TO THIS GIRL, MY THOUGHTS GREW **TROUBLED** AND **UNSETTLED**, AS SHE AWAKENED IN ME **FEELINGS** THAT I THOUGHT HAD DIED CENTURIES AGO... WHAT WAS **WORSE** I KNEW **SHE** WAS MY **NEXT VICTIM...** THE **LAST** I WAS ORDERED TO **SLAY...**

WHEN WE REACHED HER HOME, I TOOK HER IN MY **ARMS**, SO **WARM** SO **TRUSTING...** I RECALLED **ANOTHER** MUCH LIKE HER... ONE I HAD ONCE LOVED IN SOME ANCIENT CENTURY... BEFORE I COMPROMISED MY HUMANITY TO A GOD OF SILVER... I DID **NOT** WANT HER **DEAD...** BUT I KNEW I HAD **NO CHOICE...**

SHELLEY, THERE'S **SOME-THING** I WANT TO TELL YOU!


NOT NOW, NATHAN. THERE'S BEEN **ENOUGH** PAIN ALREADY. JUST **HOLD** ME CLOSE...

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO **THANK** YOU, NATHAN. IT'S SO **IMPORTANT** TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TURN TO AT A TIME LIKE THIS!









OH, **NATHAN**.  
IF ONLY YOU KNEW  
HOW MUCH I **HATE**  
TO DO THIS.

BUT I  
HAVE NO CHOICE!  
MY **FATHER** AND I  
**DEVOTED** OUR LIVES  
TO **STAMPING OUT**  
**WITCHCRAFT**...  
WHEREVER IT  
EXISTS...

MY **FATHER**  
THE **MINISTER**...  
YOU **KILLED** THE  
NIGHT HE CON-  
FRONTED THE  
**WITCHES!**

**GLIK**  
**GLIK**  
**GLIK**

I KNEW ONLY A  
**SIDHE** COULD HAVE  
KILLED MY FATHER  
AND HOLLAND SO  
**HORRIBLY**... THEN  
**YOUR** SUDDEN  
APPEARANCE IN THE  
VILLAGE, IT WAS  
TOO MUCH OF A  
**COINCIDENCE!**

...AND THE  
**BLOODSTAINS**  
ON YOUR JACKET  
...THEN I KNEW  
IT WAS **TRUE!**

I'M SORRY,  
NATHAN, TRULY  
SORRY!

**BORN OF FIRE,**  
**DIE BY FIRE...** ONLY  
**FLAME** CAN SEND YOU  
BACK FROM WHERE  
YOU CAME...

THAT WAS A **BRIGHT**  
IDEA SHELLY HAD FOR  
GETTING RID OF NATHAN!  
GUESS SHE COULDN'T  
TAKE ANY MORE OF  
HIS **SIDHE** LIFE...  
POOR NATHAN'S  
**HEATED** UP OVER  
IT, TOO!



# VAMPIRELLA



**A SECOND SCARY ISSUE FROM THE WORLD  
OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VAMPIRE  
FULL COLOUR HORROR  
SPINE-CHILLING SENSATIONS  
ON SALE MARCH 14th, 1975.**